

Catholic Digest

35¢

SEPTEMBER 1957

*Mantillas
for Today*

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"Played by Ear"

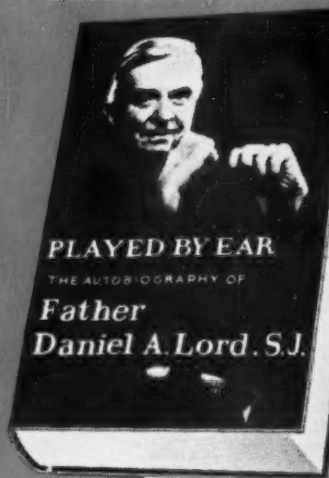
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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right: all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is graceful in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.



God Speaks in Beauty

His revelations come to us in lightning flashes of poetry

THIS IS A REVIEW of *God: The Collected Literary Works*. Whether you begin the Bible at *Genesis*, dive into the middle of the chosen people's gory history at *Judges*, or look for a happy ending in the *Apocalypse*, you are reading literature as well as Revelation.

And what literature! Anyone can think straightway of Seven Wonders of the Ancient World in it.

1. That short-story masterpiece, *The Prodigal Son*. In 500 words it tells a tale of debasement and of human grandeur, of loneliness and homecoming, of the hesitancy of youth and an old man's cataractic rush of love in words that have never been equaled for their economy or exposition of sheer spiritual life.

2. The Sermon on the Mount, itself magnificent and uncompromising as a mountain. After all the millions of times that the sun has risen upon the good and bad, and men have tried to serve two masters (how full of its cadences all our writing is!) it is still as fresh to the eye as the lilies of the field, as compelling to the ear as a trumpet

sounding silver notes in the streets.

3. The story of Ruth, with its early-morning atmosphere of peace, and the loveliest address of loyalty in all literature, "For whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," and its simplicity and quaintness, charming as a medieval romance.

4. The *Canticle of Canticles*, that Hebrew lily among European thorns, truly the most beautiful of songs, which said once and for all everything that a love song could say: "Show me thy face, let me hear thy voice for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely. . . . At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits: the new and the old, my beloved, I have kept for thee. . . . My dove in the clefts of the rock. . . . Fair as the moon, bright as the sun. . . . Set me as a seal upon thy heart. . . . Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one and come, for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone."

5. That glorious 8th Psalm, "O Lord, our Master, how the majesty

of thy Name fills all the earth," a poem that takes you from the work of God's fingers in the heavens to the roads of the fishes in the depths of the sea, and looks both ways through a telescope at man.

6. That most thrilling and poignant of biographies, the story of David, the youngster who was ruddy and beautiful to behold, whom no one but God considered for great things. Nobody who reads it can fail to be thrilled by its unforgettable details: those five smooth stones picked out of a brook; the javelin against the harp; the dummies in beds and the live men living among rocks and sands; the sane feigning madness and a madman reigning; jousting by a pool, death in the gates, curses from a hillside; and Absalom hanging in the Wood of Ephraim. In the story of David one may find also two of the most mov-

ing laments in all literature. One is the lament over the dead Saul and Jonathan.

*How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Geth,
Publish it not in the streets of
Ascalon,
Lest the daughters of the
Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the
uncircumcised triumph.
Ye mountains of Gelboe,
Never dew, never rain fall
upon you,
Never from your lands be of-
ferings of first fruits made:
For there the warrior's shield is
thrown away,
The shield of Saul, bright with
oil no more. . . .
Saul and Jonathan lovely and
comely in their lives
And in their death they were
not divided.
They were swifter than eagles,
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep
over Saul
Who dressed you in scarlet
Who decked out your apparel
with ornaments of gold. . . .
I grieve for you, Jonathan, my
brother,
Beloved by me beyond all love
of women.
Never woman loved her only
son as I loved thee. . . .
O, how are the mighty fallen
And the weapons of war
perished!*



And there is David's cry of anguish at the news of Absalom's death, a lament bare of all ornament, loaded only with grief, full of the choking sorrows of mankind and of a mind cracking under the repeated blows of one word. "And with that, the king went up to the room over the gate in bitter sorrow and wept there. And thus he said: 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son!'"

7. A poem by Isaiah, called *The Taunt Song Against the King of Babylon*.

The poem describes how everyone suddenly burst out singing at the death of the tyrant, and how the cedars of Lebanon which he had butchered were glad. Long-dead kings exulted because his scepter and crown, too, had tumbled down in their turn and the flying squadrons of his ambitions had crashed. He was "cast away unburied like an unwanted ghost, a garment of the slain."

The poem builds up stridently, like a hurricane menace, to the sweeping climax in Jahweh's threat against the king's people: "I will intervene and rise up against them," said Jahweh of hosts, 'And I will cut off from Babylon name and remnant, chit and child,' said Jahweh, 'And I will make it the domain of the hedgehog and pools of water, and I will sweep it with the besom of ruin,' said Jahweh of hosts."

The marvels are not by any means limited to these seven: as in the Gospel's arithmetic, they could be

multiplied unto 70 times seven. In Isaiah alone is an anthology of great poetry: for those who like their poetry to growl and flash like a summer storm, Isaiah is the book. Not that it's all thrashing of mountains or howling of jackals. There are sweeping concepts of the mystery of God, as in:

*Who measured the waters in
the hollow of his hand?
And weighed the mountains in
scales
And the hills in a balance?
He dwells above the circle of
the earth
So that the inhabitants thereof
are like locusts.
He stretched out the heavens
like a veil
And spread them out like a
tent to dwell in.*

In Isaiah are idylls such as that of the wolf abiding with the lamb. There, also, is found that most beautiful of all fixings in words of the realization that nothing in the world is fixed:

*All flesh is grass
And all its glory is like the
flower of the field.
The grass shall wither and the
flower shall fade.*

Passages of tremendous power, all of them, and they are a mere taste of God's (literally God's) plenty.

Father Lane's Gang

*It does for ex-convicts what
AA does for alcoholics*

PLEASE HELP ME!" the woman sobs into the phone. "Johnny might be in trouble. I don't know where he is."

The man at the other end of the line jumps into action. He calls five other men. Within moments they form teams of two and scour local bars. Hours later, they find Johnny and get him home safely. They avert what might have been disaster to him and his family.

Alcoholics Anonymous? No. The six men were members of Father Lane's Gang, a sort of "Ex-Convicts Anonymous" organization. Johnny was violating his parole by drinking. If the Gang had not responded to his wife's plea, he might have had to return to prison for his full term.

The Gang, the only organization of its kind, consists of former prisoners of New York's Elmira reformatory. One member is a Broadway producer; another, a ship's captain; still another, an auditor who handles corporation accounts totaling millions of dollars. Others are carpenters, electricians, mechanics. All are men who have repaired their lives and have dedicated themselves to helping other Elmira prison "grad-

uates" to do the same, through God.

The group is under the spiritual direction of Msgr. Francis J. Lane, dean of American prison chaplains. He has been Catholic chaplain at Elmira for 35 years.

"I'm a lifer," says Father Lane with a broad grin on his round face. "At first I was to spend only seven years as chaplain at Elmira, 'enough for any man,' they said. But each succeeding bishop seemed to think I was the man for the job. So here I still am."

Although 63, Father Lane has the energy of men half his age. He counsels upwards of 80 men a day,



and hears an average of 270 confessions on an ordinary Saturday.

Although Father Lane has always been "sky pilot" of the Gang, he is not its founder. "It was the boys themselves who got the idea," he says. "I just went along with it."

The Gang began ten years ago, on Father Lane's 25th anniversary as chaplain. Forty-three former Elmira inmates gave him a testimonial luncheon.

"On the way back to New York City on their chartered bus," Father Lane recalls, "the boys got to talking about how my spiritual work could be extended somehow to city streets, considering that the streets are where most of the prisoners come from."

"One idea led to another; the boys finally came up with the plan. Now, when I find a paroled youngster having a tough time staying on the straight and narrow, I call one of the Gang and he takes over. He talks things over with the parolee in a brotherly way, one former inmate to another."

In addition to giving a helping hand to Elmira "grads," Father Lane's Gang does much for the youngsters inside. Each year its members send Christmas presents to the men in Elmira who never receive anything from anybody. Many inmates have no father, mother, nor other relative—not even any friends.

"These little Christmas reminders from the Gang," says Father Lane, "do more to pick up the spirits of

the boys behind the walls than anything else they may come in contact with during the Christmas season."

For those who do have families the Gang has another project: their own version of Mother's day. Often, a tearful mother will explain that she cannot visit her son simply because she can't afford the trip. Fare and other expenses between New York City and Elmira come to about \$20. In hardship cases, the Gang finances the trips.

"This is an unexpected pleasure to most of the men," says Father Lane. "An act of kindness like this helps them to realize that there really is someone who cares about their happiness."

One of the Gang's most important functions is its regular monthly meeting in New York City. At these meetings, all men who have been recently paroled from Elmira are welcomed. The parolees talk over old times. A typical discussion might start with a report that a former inmate has just been returned to the reformatory. The Gang discusses the repeater's mistakes and how they can be avoided.

"Men who have been in prison face unusually difficult problems," says Father Lane. "Finding someone with whom to discuss their problems isn't easy. But in the Gang they find buddies who have actually done time themselves, and have successfully come through the ordeal."

Once a year the Gang gets to-

gether under more festive circumstances, at the annual testimonial dinner for Father Lane. The dinner is held in the ballroom of one of Manhattan's big hotels. How-to-go-straight discussions are brushed aside for the night. Wives, sweet-hearts, and friends attend the celebration, and dance to as big a name band as the funds will allow.

At one of the more recent affairs a Broadway playwright reserved an entire section of the theater for those attending the dinner-dance. Appropriately enough, the play was about police work.

Typical of Father Lane's boys is a young man from Brooklyn. Call him Al. Al is only now beginning to make his way in the world.

His trouble began during the 2nd World War. He was arrested for burglary. Legal procedure delayed the trial indefinitely. Al then made himself temporarily safe from civil prosecution by enlisting in the army.

During the invasion of Europe, Al suffered a severe head injury. Grenade shrapnel pierced his skull. He spent agonizing years in hospitals on both sides of the Atlantic.

When he was released, he started on a career in electrical work. His goal was to be an electrical engineer. Night school and a special aptitude for mathematics brought his dream nearer to realization. But he had not yet paid his debt to society. Al, now in his middle 20's, was brought to trial for the crime he

had committed in his teens. The verdict: three years in Elmira.

Embittered, Al started off on the wrong foot. In the prison school and workshop, he found everything too elementary for his advanced mathematical background. He became more and more rebellious. Finally, he went to see Father Lane.

"I thought I would probably get a long spiel about the eternal verities," says Al. "But I wanted a shoulder to cry on, and what better shoulder than the prison chaplain's? As it turned out, however, I was wrong on both counts. There was no spiel, and Father Lane wouldn't let me gripe. On the contrary, he chewed me out like a drill sergeant."

Father Lane told him that if he didn't want to go to school, he would have to work. He introduced Al to the stock room.

"I want this place clean and in perfect order by tonight," Father Lane ordered.

Al worked hard all that day, and by nightfall awaited Father Lane's compliments. But he didn't know Father Lane.

"This place is a mess," said the chaplain, as he ran a finger across a shelf.

Next day, Al doubled his efforts. But again Father Lane's face showed ill-restrained exasperation.

By the end of the third day of putting everything shipshape, Al wondered just how much of a perfectionist Father Lane could be.

When the priest made his third tour of inspection, he said to Al, "Still rather work for me than go to school?" When Al stammered a worried "Yes," Father Lane smiled.

"The stock room never looked as good as it did after you finished the first day," he said. "But I had to see if you had any 'stuffing.'"

From that time on, Al worked in Father Lane's office. It was a lot harder than school, he confesses, but he liked it.

"For the first time in my life," Al confides, "someone trusted me and made me feel like a human being."

When his three years were up, Al almost hated to leave Elmira, or at least to leave Father Lane. But that's where the Gang came in.

By joining the Gang, Al could see Father Lane whenever the priest came to the city. The boys helped him through the tough rehabilitation period. At one monthly meeting Al brought up a knotty problem that the Gang has met time and time again: he wanted to get married. The girl knew he had been in prison, but her parents didn't.

"My problem," says Al, "was this: should I tell her folks? Many tactful old-timers in the Gang had faced the same situation themselves. They said there was only one way: tell the truth. They said they had done just that, and everything had turned out all right for them."

Al decided to take their advice. Today he is happily married, and well on his way to becoming a master electrician.

Al again told all when he wished to join his local Knights of Columbus council. He was given a warm welcome.

He receives Communion daily. Every time he sees Father Lane, the chaplain asks him, "Where's your rosary?"

"I always have it with me," says Al. "Father Lane gave it to me when I first met him. The beads are battered now, and I've repaired them hundreds of times, but I wouldn't swap them for my master's license."

But Father Lane does not hold with Father Flanagan's motto, "There are no bad boys." He recalls with a look of fondness on his face his many friendly arguments on this subject with the founder of Nebraska's Boys' Town.

"I always told Father Flanagan," recalls Father Lane, "'Come on up to Elmira, Father, and I'll show you some really *bad* ones.'"

"Unfortunately," declares Father Lane, "there are some boys who never seem to learn; they just don't want to go straight. Father Flanagan would usually wind up the arguments by saying, 'Well, no boys are *born* bad.' With that, of course, I heartily agree."

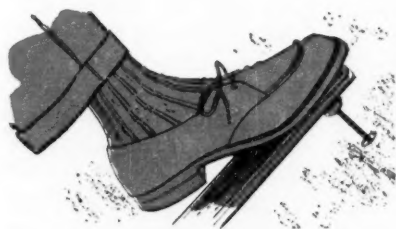
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We see things not as they are but as we are. R.B.

By Eustace Cockrell
*Condensed from "Fortnight"**

Auto Race for Gas Misers

The average driver can learn how to save money from it and may save his neck in the bargain



IF THE AVERAGE American driver got one more mile per gallon out of his gasoline, the average annual saving in the U. S. would be 2 billion gallons—or \$650 million.

But how can the average driver increase his mileage and cut his costs? The Mobilgas Economy Run, held each spring, with Los Angeles as the starting point, is a dramatic lesson. The driver who wins is the one who can go the farthest with the leastest.

The competing cars are the same the public buys. They are not broken in, tuned or even touched, except under the eyes of observers chosen from among the best engineering students at the California Institute of Technology. The destination is announced four or five weeks before the event, but the actual route is kept top secret until a few days before the run.

The contest board of the U. S. Auto club, headed by a crusty veteran contest official, Arthur Pills-

bury, supervises the run. "The cars are taken from warehouses, show-room floors, freight cars, and even assembly lines," Pillsbury explains. "Then they are impounded, and sealed in more than 60 places. Until the end of the run, the seals are never broken without an observer breathing down the mechanic's neck."

How do the drivers get their fantastic results? In 1956 the sweepstakes winner was a Chrysler Imperial. The run was from Los Angeles to the foot of Pike's Peak, a three-day grind against the most demanding terrain and climatic conditions Pillsbury and his associates could plot. The big car, piloted by a carpet-slipped dealer named Mel Asbury, Jr., got exactly 21 miles to the gallon.

The sweepstakes victory was based on the ton-mile theory de-

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vised by the sponsors to provide one over-all winner: gross weight of car times total miles, divided by gallons of gas.

Jim Abbott, who drove a Hudson Wasp to victory in its class in 1951 is regularly connected as a tuning specialist with contestants in the two great American automotive speed competitions: the Indianapolis 500 and the Mexican International. "But this Economy Run is the toughest," Abbott says. "The tension is greater, somehow, than in either of the other big ones."

The drivers ride with their windows tightly closed, to lower wind resistance; they never turn on the heater or radio, no matter how cold or bored they are; they don't even use the cigarette lighter. These slight drains on the electrical system must be replaced by the generator; the generator uses power, and power uses gas.

But these are devices that save only drops of gas. The big economies are the result of techniques available to all motorists. Contestants drive steadily and carefully. Their observers prohibit them from unusual gimmicks, such as coasting or free wheeling. They come into stop signs slowly, and start gradually. As an evidence of the planning, and luck, that goes into a run, a sweepstakes-winning Studebaker a few years ago rolled from Los Angeles to Sun Valley, Idaho, by way of San Francisco, and caught more than 100 signals on green.

"The strain lies in the timing," a driver explains. "You've got to get to the specified stops in time, and yet your observers are sitting behind you to see that you exceed no legal speed limits."

With a typical day's run of 500 miles and an allowed time of 11 hours, the driver must maintain an average speed of slightly more than 45 mph. Any stops, except for refueling, are on the driver's own time, and the legal speed limit is frequently as low as 55 mph.

A veteran driver sums it up: "You would like to roll it in 10 hours and 59 minutes, but you are afraid to cut it that fine. In 1956 some of the boys ran into a Mexican sheepherder putting a herd across the road in a very leisurely fashion. The time lost disqualified them. Or you may have to stop somewhere to put on chains.

"You are sitting in there sweating, praying, but pushing along, trying not to bear down on the gas pedal. You are in a contest so tough that an extra stop could cost you a win. In fact, there have been sweepstakes over a 1300-mile course in which a teacup of gasoline would have changed the result."

Fuel is added at carefully calibrated pumps. Gasoline is weight, so just a little is put into the tank at one time.

The Dodge crewmen of 1956, intent upon saving weight and also tossing a scare into the competition, refused gas at a point where they

would have been expected to take aboard a few gallons. A *pint* away from the next refueling stop they ran out of gas. But examination of the car after this frustrating failure revealed that the gas line on the car they were using was set a millimeter higher than usual. "If it had been set to take the last drop from the tank, we'd have made it," the Dodge driver said bitterly.

Dealers who regularly enter the run figure it costs \$15,000 to \$25,000 to make an all-out effort. If the manufacturer helps, that's fine. If not, the entry list is usually full anyway, for motor dealers are a sporting lot who figure an Economy Run trophy a real prize.

Class trophies are given in four price brackets, plus the sweepstakes award, which leaves usually 16 or 17 losers—who start figuring how to do better next year.

Says a company executive, "We provide the motoring public with par for his car. He can't make it, but if he tries, he can come close. For instance, the Buick Roadmaster got 19.7 miles to the gallon in the 1955 run. So they drove back with the radio and heater on, came into Los Angeles at the height of traffic after stopping whenever they pleased, and they got almost 18 miles on that trip. Al Cottle, the driver, is a good driver for glory or fun, and he didn't do anything you couldn't do on the trip home."

The Mobilgas Economy Run, recognized as *the* economy test for

the U. S., has an official history dating back to 1936 (with war years and car-shortage years omitted).

As early as 1920 the perpetually raging arguments over mileage were being inconclusively settled by Los Angeles sports who wheeled their primitive horseless carriages to Yosemite or other near-by points.

Lax rules left some of the early results open to question. Legend has it that one contestant fixed an opening under the front seat by which he could sneak gas into his tank. He then took aboard a case of beer, in which each alternate bottle was full of gas. Every time he cracked a bottle for his observer in the back he opened one for himself and poured it down the hole under the seat. He "won." In 1936 the official contest board took over, and all chance of chicanery disappeared.

The American Economy Run is second in public interest only to the 500-mile race at Indianapolis. Its sponsors have even exported the idea. In Britain, France, South Africa, Japan, Malaya, New Zealand, Australia, and the Philippines, drivers nurse their cars over specified routes under conditions identical with the American run.

The Economy Run has had far-reaching results. Hundreds of high schools throughout the West now have competitive economy runs in connection with their driver-training programs. One unassailable fact comes out of the competition: economical driving is also safe driving.

Lafayette Is Not Forgotten

The GI's of the American Revolution liked his bravery under fire



THE SAILING PACKET *Cadmus*, out of Havre for New York, was running down the coast of Long Island. That fine day in August, 1824, its passengers lined the rail for their first view of land in a month. A tall, heavy man in his late 60's, noticeable for his reddish-gray hair and slight limp, asked a polite question of a fellow passenger.

He had not been in America for 40 years, he said; would a cab be at the wharf? He wanted to get to a hotel with the three other members of his party.

The stranger need not have worried, for he could never be a stranger to the American people. He was General Lafayette. His means were straitened; in fact, he had borrowed money for the voyage. His prestige was on the decline in his native France, where the Bourbon monarchy detested his principles of constitutional freedom. But he was first and most admired of America's adopted sons.

The welcome Lafayette received in 1824 surpassed anything ever tendered a visitor to this country, before or since. At the quarantine station, a deputation of eminent citizens met him and escorted him to the house of Vice President Daniel D. Tompkins on Staten Island. The next day flag-trimmed ships accompanied the *Cadmus* to the Battery. On the welcoming steamers were 6,000 New Yorkers, including Chancellor Livingston, the West Point band, and sailors from the *Constitution*.

As Lafayette stepped ashore at Manhattan, cannon thundered, 30,000 spectators cheered, and the Lafayette Guards paraded for review. Each militiaman wore a badge with a portrait of the general and the words "Welcome Lafayette." A barouche with four white horses was placed at his disposal.

His arrival was in sharp contrast with his first landing in this country 47 years before. Then, in June, 1777, young Captain de Lafayette of the Royal Regiment de Noailles, still three months short of his 20th birthday, arrived at midnight on the riverbank at Maj. Benjamin Huger's plantation, near Georgetown, S. C. Neither Lafayette nor three companions, who included the Baron de Kalb, a brigadier in the French army, knew exactly where they were.

Offshore, in Georgetown bay, was *La Victoire*, the ship in which they had run the British blockade. With its cargo, it had cost the young marquis today's equivalent of \$150,000, spent for the sole purpose of bringing him and a dozen other officers to fight for America. Silas Deane, our agent in Paris, had given Lafayette a commission as major general in the Continental army.

Such a mark of distinction to a young soldier seems odd at first glance. But Deane knew what he was doing. Lafayette came of a distinguished line. He had married into a wealthy family, the Noailles, who had powerful connections at the court of Louis XVI.

He had gone to school with the king's brothers (later Louis XVIII and Charles X). His uncle was French ambassador in London. The youth had dined familiarly with George III's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and knew how divided opinion in England was about re-

pression in the American colonies.

When Lafayette came to America, he immediately adjusted himself to circumstances. From the Huger plantation the party set out for Philadelphia, almost 900 miles away. They had four carriages, with outriders. The carriages soon fell apart, and the horses broke down. "We traveled a great part of the way on foot," Major du Buysson reported later, "often sleeping in the woods, almost dead with hunger, exhausted by the heat, several of us suffering from fever and dysentery."

Lafayette wrote to his wife from Petersburg, Va., "I expect to write to you before long that we have reached our destination on foot. There have been some fatigues, but I have scarcely noticed them."

They reached Philadelphia on July 27, 1777, and met cold distrust. The city swarmed with dubious characters in worn uniforms of European armies. Many were impostors, others soldiers of fortune. Silas Deane had cast his net too widely, and Congress was disgruntled.

De Kalb, who three years later would die of 11 wounds received in the lost battle of Camden, and Lafayette, later regarded as a first-rate division commander, were kept waiting on Chestnut St. in the hot sun. Presently, a delegate who could speak French told them that their services were not wanted.

Lafayette responded by offering

to serve as a volunteer at his own expense. Fortunately, Benjamin Franklin had written from Paris, and matters were set straight. Congress confirmed his commission as major general, and a few days later he met Washington.

The young Frenchman won the commander-in-chief's heart by his modesty and his determination to serve usefully. Lafayette admired Washington as the greatest man of the era, and never found any reason to change his opinion.

The ragged Continentals, the GI's of the Revolution, were awed by Lafayette's bravery under fire. Within a month, they saw him in action at the Battle of Brandywine. He was supposed to be only a general's aide, but he dismounted at a critical point and ran forward to rally the firing line. A musket ball in the leg brought him down.

The battle was lost, and Howe had Philadelphia, but Lafayette had won his spurs. He convalesced at Bethlehem, Pa., and missed Germantown, another lost battle.

But he was back with the army in early November, even though he could not pull a boot over his injured leg. Congress, on Washington's recommendation, made him a division commander. He harried Cornwallis in Jersey, served at Valley Forge, led a brilliant retreat at Barren Hill, and fought well under Washington at Monmouth.

Lafayette's whole American career, up to and including Yorktown,

was as a combat soldier, a fact that stuck in the memories of Revolutionary veterans. He made one trip back to France, but did not go home for good until victory was certain.

In 1785, when only 28 years old, he was made a field marshal by the king. The French Revolution was just a vague cloud on the horizon. Lafayette was now a European personality, renowned as a disinterested champion of freedom.

His wife, the Marquise de Lafayette, also had a charitable heart.

Lafayette was baptized a Catholic, but had little religious instruction. In him, as in many of his contemporaries, said Hilaire Belloc, "the flickering flame of Catholicism was so tiny it is difficult for the modern man to conceive it." His wife, Adrienne, was deeply pious. (On her deathbed she grieved over her husband's lack of faith, but said, "When I go away to dwell in another place, you know well I shall look after you.")

Adrienne died in 1807. She was buried in Picpus cemetery in Paris, where 1,306 victims of the guillotine had been thrown into a common grave during the French Revolution. Adrienne had caused Picpus to be made a memorial cemetery. Sisters of the Order of the Sacred Hearts and Perpetual Adoration have said prayers continuously over the graves for more than 150 years. Lafayette was buried beside his wife May 22, 1834.

She was interested in the work of the Holy Ghost Fathers. Their mission, then as now, was conversion of the colored races.

Lafayette bought a plantation at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and joined with other philanthropists in establishing a new society, the Friends of the Negro. Its purpose was to bring about the gradual emancipation of slaves in French colonies. Lafayette's plantation was to be a pilot project. The French Revolution ended this experiment when it was barely under way.

Lafayette played an honorable role in the 30 years that followed the outbreak of revolution in 1789. He stood steadfast in his conviction that if his country was not ready for republican institutions, it could do the next best thing and adopt a constitutional monarchy, with an effective charter of liberties and a truly representative national assembly.

As commander of the National Guard, he tried to save the king's position, but was hated for his pains by all the Bourbon family. He sacrificed his position as a great noble in the interests of freedom. Robespierre and the revolutionary extremists condemned him for treason at the very moment when he was commanding an army of defense at Metz, in 1791.

The treason charge had no more sense to it than the familiar indictments by the Soviets against men they want to get rid of. Lafayette

prudently departed. But he did not join the allied armies that were attacking France.

He spent more than five years in Prussian and Austrian prisons. Madame de Lafayette, with their two daughters, shared the last two years of his captivity. Her mother, her grandmother, and her sister Louise had been guillotined during the Terror. She herself had been awaiting execution when the fall of Robespierre took her from danger.

General Bonaparte effected the release of Lafayette, in the peace treaty of Camp Formio. But the Directory, then ruling France, had no intention of doing anything more for a potential rival. Lafayette and his family were forbidden to return to France. Most of their property had been confiscated. In 1797, now in his 40th year, Lafayette retired to Holland, a ruined man.

Not until Napoleon seized supreme power in 1799 could Lafayette return to France. His son, George Washington Lafayette, served in the Imperial army, but between Napoleon and Lafayette only an armed neutrality prevailed. Bonaparte liked to make speeches about liberty; Lafayette told him bluntly that the Napoleonic system was essentially opposed to freedom.

After Napoleon's fall, Lafayette did not resist restoration of the Bourbon monarchy. The Allies were committed to putting Louis XVIII on the throne. Resistance

was hopeless. But the past lay between the royal family and Lafayette. There was nothing he could do but retire to his country estate at Lagrange, a living symbol of constitutional freedom.

In 1830, at the age of 73, he played a great part in deposing his old schoolmate, Charles X. Having been named commander of the National Guard, Lafayette took the crown from the Bourbon branch and handed it to Louis Philippe, of the Orleans branch. The new king was another semi-American. He had worked and traveled in America as a poverty-stricken young man. He readily granted a charter of constitutional monarchy.

Lafayette sat in the Chamber of Deputies from 1825 to the day of

his death in 1834. On the whole, he was satisfied. The voyage had been long and stormy, but the ship was safe in port. The French people, he was convinced, could exert their will whenever they wished.

This Sept. 6 is the 200th anniversary of Lafayette's birth. The day will have a special meaning in the 55 American towns, cities, and counties named either Lafayette or Fayette. All over the U. S. one may find his name, on squares and streets, hotels and business firms, on a mountain in New Hampshire, a college in Pennsylvania, a town in Arkansas. All bear witness to the extraordinary imprint left on our national life by the ardent young Frenchman who came to the aid of our infant republic in 1777.

Flights of Fancy

All three of her chins were very determined.
Taylor Caldwell

Wisdom: the scar tissue of intelligence.
Gene Gleason

Outdoor concert: Brahms bursting in air.
Clifford A. Corrigan

Finding a listener, he took his prejudices out for a run.
Mavis Gallant

Sun depositing gold in cloud banks.
Richard T. Johnson

The river's wrinkled skin becomes a hide of ice.
Herbert Merrill

As poor as a Russian church mouse.
Mary C. Dorsey

Road clinging to a mountain by its fingernails.
John R. Heisse, M.M.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Stars of Sports and Stage

Sixteenth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U.S.

NEGRO SPORTS STARS and entertainers, especially the professionals, may well be the liberators of their people from the prisons of segregation. They will endure more persecution, off the playing field and stage, even as today they are insulted, forced to eat alone, seek shelter apart, and ride in Jim Crow sections of buses. But without benefit of a U. S. Supreme Court decision, talented Negro athletes and artists have been uprooting prejudice far and wide during the last decade.

Innumerable examples of Negro achievement and acceptance bear out the results of a scientific canvass of opinion made for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by Ben Gaffin & Associates, nationally known Chicago research firm. One phase of the survey concerned the impact of Negro athletes and entertainers on solution of the Negro-white problem.

It is true, the presence of Negroes in the fields of sports and entertainment stands far down in a list of 15 influences considered most likely solutions. Education tops the list of such forces, but only in the opinion of 15% of all whites, North and

South, and of 13% of all Negroes. Whites placed in close second and third places, respectively, school desegregation (now ordered by the U. S. Supreme Court) and economic opportunity; and, in descending order of importance, general desegregation, religion, legal action, and athletes and entertainers, with other activities following as of lesser importance. Only 3% of all whites, 2% in the North and 6% in the South, voted athletes and entertainers as important influences in improving race relations.

Negroes themselves view matters differently. They placed next after education general desegregation and legal action; and then Negro betterment organizations, school desegregation, better job and housing opportunities, religion, and sports stars and entertainers. These last two won the votes of only 3% of all Negroes also, 4% in the North and 3% in the South.

Nevertheless, so spontaneous and universal has been the acclaim accorded Negroes in the realms of sports and entertainment that the good will they have engendered may well overflow into education,

employment, and neighborhood and church acceptance. Authorities point out that the breaking down of racial and religious prejudice has been more dramatic in sports than in any other activity.

The more detailed results of the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey show that Negroes themselves applaud the good that sports stars and singers are doing, and that few whites dispute them.

Among Northern whites, 87%, or seven out of every eight, affirm that Negro athletes are helping to solve the race problem; only half (49%) of the Southern whites say the same, but another 20% feel that Negro stars make no difference and 13% have no opinion. Eighteen per cent of Southern whites say that Negro sport stars hinder rather than help solution of the race problem. It is well to remember, at this point, that "solution of the race problem" does not mean the same thing to all people.

Almost all Negroes, 96% in the North and 93% in the South, are convinced that able athletes among them are helping their cause. Here is the detailed summary of replies to the question: "Do you think that Negro sport stars help, hurt or make no difference in solving the Negro-white problem?"

Sports stars:	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Help in solving...	87%	49%	96%	93%
Make no difference	7.....	20.....	3.....	4.....
Hurt the solution.	2.....	18.....	*.....	1.....
No opinion.....	4.....	13.....	1.....	2.....

*Less than 1/2%

Behind the foregoing figures is a picture of a decade of progress in bettering racial relations in America. You would have to be very young not to remember when fight fans pleaded for a "white hope" to take a boxing title away from a Negro champion; when there was an unwritten law against colored players in professional baseball and football; when Southern schools would array their football or basketball teams against Northern teams only on condition that Negro players be benched.

But a new era began for Negroes in professional sports ten years ago when Branch Rickey broke the color barrier by signing Jackie Robinson with Brooklyn. Other Negroes were in big-time baseball even then, it is true, but they had been sneaked in through the back door, as Mexicans, Indians, Portuguese, Cubans. Rickey took on Jackie openly, thus dealing one of the greatest single blows in this century against racial discrimination. Soon thereafter, Roy Campanella joined the Dodgers. From then on, all the major-league ball clubs were bidding for manpower hitherto wasted because of the color in which it was packaged.

Discrimination does still prevail. Louisiana legislation of 1956 forbade athletic events involving Negro and white competition. Deep in Dixie, a Negro has little chance of even getting into a white college, much less of winning any position

on a white-college football team.

Nevertheless, mixed teams from East and North do meet all-white Southern teams, and generally the Southern players lean over backwards to avoid incidents. This has been true even in instances where a Negro on a visiting team has been guilty of conduct that would not be tolerated of a white player.

Moreover, Negroes are numerous on Southern pro and semi-pro baseball teams. Southerners fill their ball parks to see those teams play. They do likewise when Northern teams with their Negro stars play exhibition games or make barnstorming tours. This was true, for example, in 1949, when 50,000 fans came to see the Dodgers in Atlanta, Ga. They came in spite of a public pronouncement by Grand Dragon Samuel Green of the Ku Klux Klan that Jackie Robinson would never set foot in the ball park.

As far as minor sports and recreation are concerned, more and more frequently do the papers record the opening to Negroes, without incident, of Southern municipal golf links, tennis courts, bathing beaches and swimming pools. Corresponding private facilities, however, are another matter.

Each of the groups questioned in the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey expressed about the same opinions on Negro singers as on sports stars. A few persons did mention that they thought Negro singers include some controversial persons. The qualifica-

tion meant, of course, that the singers were criticized not on racial but on other grounds.

All four groups hold that Negro comedians are more likely to help than hurt in solving the race problem. However, Negro comedians do not receive such large majorities of approval as Negro singers, especially from Southern Negroes, only 58% saying they help, while 15% feel that they definitely hinder a race-problem solution. This question is one on which the Southern whites approach closer agreement with Southern Negroes than Northern Negroes do. It is possible that "Negro comedian" has an interpretation in the North different from that in the South. The opinions are as follows.

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Negro comedians: North	82%	45%	78%	58%
Help in solving...	82%	45%	78%	58%
Make no difference 11.....	28	9	15	15
Hurt the solution. 2.....	15	8	15	15
No opinion.....	5	12	5	12

The statistics on blackface minstrel shows reveal a wide difference in attitudes. Negroes feel strongly about such shows, no doubt as derogatory to their race, while whites do not seem to regard them seriously. Seventy per cent of the Southern Negroes and 65% of Northern Negroes say that such shows make for ill will between the races. But 75% of Northern whites and 63% of Southern whites think that such shows make no difference or even help toward solving the race problem.

	WHITES		NEGROES	
<i>Minstrel shows:</i>	North	South	North	South
Help in solving...	29%	15%	14%	7%
Make no difference	46	48	13	15
Hurt the solution	15	20	65	70
No opinion	10	17	8	8

All in all, the survey shows that large majorities of all Negroes and Northern whites think that Negro artists and athletes are among the strong forces working toward better race relations. Southern whites accept them as professionals but not as amateurs, because of social implications. The man who swelters in the bleachers may not be a strong

pillar of culture in our society. But by and large, he leads the nation in seeing the stupidity and wastefulness of discrimination. When he cheers a Mays, a Minoso, a Satchel Paige, or elsewhere a Metcalfe, an Althea Gibson, a Grier, he is among those who believe, with Pope Pius XII, that "he who would have the star of peace shine out and stand over society should cooperate in giving back to the human person the dignity given it by God from the beginning."



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

My father was five years old when his mother died in childbirth. A kindly neighbor, who had just given birth to a child herself, took the three motherless children into her home, nursing my father's newborn sister right along with her own baby. My father and his two sisters remained at the neighbor's house for three years. By then, his father had remarried and was able once again to make a home for them.

Twenty-five years later, father learned quite by chance that the kindly neighbor—now widowed, crippled, and penniless—had been placed in the county poorhouse. He mentioned the fact to my mother (who had heard much of father's benefactress, but had never met her).

"Why not bring the old lady to live with us?" mother suggested. "I know that's what you want to do."

"Yes, it is," my father admitted. "But you have our own family to look after, and this big house to keep up. She must be pretty helpless by now."

"You and your sisters were mighty helpless when she took you in," mother replied. "I can manage."

The next week, father brought home our "new grandmother." We all took to calling her "Grandma Herald," although of course we weren't related to her. And it was from her that we children learned all about our real grandmother—father's mother—who had been only 22 when she died.

Isabel Currier.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Abraham H. Lass
Condensed from "Coronet"

Bright Child: Problem Child

Thank God for him, but nurture him with care

WHEN DAVE was four, everybody was convinced that when he grew up he would be somebody important. He did start out in elementary school like a house afire. His teachers loved him because he was so bright and eager, so interested in everything around him, so far ahead of the other children.

But in 4th grade, something happened to Dave. He began to lose interest in school. When he wasn't dawdling, he was getting into minor troubles with his fellow pupils. His grades plummeted from the high 90's to just average. In high school and college it was the same story all over again.

Dave is working now, a clerk in a large business, purposeless and dispirited. It is too late to do anything about Dave; but it is not too late to do something about today's new Daves.

Today's bright children are our greatest natural resource. They are tomorrow's leaders, creators, inventors, scientists, engineers. The kind of world we will have depends upon the chances we give all our bright children to develop fully



their wonderful powers and talents.

At best, we do not have too many bright children. We can't waste one. In elementary schools are only about 500,000 bright children like Dave, and only about 150,000 in high schools. About 2% of the children getting ready for school are bright or very bright. Your child may be one of them.

Here is a composite picture of the bright child, drawn from various sources. The sources include the famous Stanford university studies of gifted children, the authoritative work of the late Prof. Leta S.

As principal of Abraham Lincoln High school in Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. Lass has taught hundreds of bright children and is bringing up two of his own.

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. June, 1957. © 1957 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Hollingsworth, and facts compiled in New York university's Counseling Center for Gifted Children. No one bright child will have all the characteristics enumerated. But if your child has some of them, the chances are that he is bright.

He's an early starter. He begins to walk early, sometimes at nine or ten months. He talks early, well, and much. He reads early, learning how with little or no training. Bright children frequently teach themselves to read at five or even younger.

He has an insatiable curiosity. He asks more questions, intelligently, insistently, and persistently, than other children do. He isn't put off with pat answers. He is especially curious about birth and death, and feels a need to have the universe explained to him.

He has many interests, and pursues them for long periods. He collects: stamps, butterflies, birds, animals, photographs, engines, rocks. He tends to spend much time alone with his hobbies, or with a few select children who share his enthusiasms.

As early as nine or ten, bright children tend to develop an unusual interest in numbers, atlases, and encyclopedias; and in games that require thought, like chess and checkers.

His intellectual abilities are unusual and develop early. He remembers everything: Latin names of birds, fish, prehistoric animals;

stock-market fluctuations; batting averages; chemicals; makes of cars; types of airplanes.

He shows mature insight into problems and has an uncanny knack for sizing up people. He has a great capacity for abstract thought and for generalizing about such matters as birth and death.

He is generally younger than fellow students in his grade. His knowledge is usually greater than average in the class. Hence he tends to seek companionship of older children and adults.

His vocabulary is large and unusual. He is sensitive to words and ideas, and links them together.

He doesn't care much for rough group games, like football. He prefers tennis and swimming. Generally, the bright child does not excel in activities requiring great physical or manual skill. But he is usually healthier, stronger, and larger than other children.

If you think you have a bright child, make sure of it by having him tested by a reliable testing service or psychological clinic. Practically every college and university has such a clinic or can refer you to one. The better schools have facilities to do their own testing.

If the tests verify your conviction that you have a bright child, rejoice. You are going to have a wonderful time raising him; for there is nothing quite so exciting as watching a bright child develop. But you and he will have problems.

Here are what the experts say will be his major obstacles.

He is likely to have school problems. This will be partly because he is bored with ordinary routines, partly because his interests are not challenged by the school program, and partly because he feels misunderstood, overlooked, and resented. His revolt against school may express itself in restlessness, daydreaming, getting into mischief, cutting classes, or defiance of school authorities.

The right school and the right teacher can head off many of the difficulties. When provided with challenging, creative, varied activities, the bright child will find enjoyable outlets for his energies.

He is different, so he is going to have social problems. He will need friends his own age. It won't be easy for him to find friends, for he is a marked man. His companions will sense it, and they will let him know in the unmistakable accents of youth that he is different. They will call him Genius. They will poke fun at his tastes, vocabulary, ideas, because they fear those who are different.

Your cue is to see to it that your child learns to do all the things other children do and enjoy. Normalize him. Provide the experiences that will give him something in common with other children his age. Teach him to skate, play ball, swim, dance, box, wrestle. Encourage him to take part in group games, and praise him for it.

Remember that every child wants to belong, to be accepted by his group. If he is a good sport, he will belong, in spite of his differences. In fact, he will be respected for his differences, if he can also do what the others can do.

His intense interests tend to drive him in upon himself. In extreme cases, the bright child comes to prefer his narrow world of books, hobbies, and a few friends to the larger world around him.

So make special, planned efforts to get him out of sedentary routines. See that he gets outdoor exercise every day, preferably with boys his own age. Take him to zoos, museums, points of historical interest: anywhere and everywhere.

You can help him by observing these golden rules.

1. *Accept your child matter-of-factly.* Do not let him think that he is extraordinary, something out of this world. Encourage him, give him every opportunity to develop. Stimulate his interests. Do everything to make him try his wings. Watch him grow; but don't, by showing him off or by excessive, indiscriminate praise, let him develop into a little prig.

2. *Don't project your own frustrations on your child.* Respect him for what he is, even if he isn't what you wish him to be. His happiness will lie in developing his own innate talents.

3. *Let him be a child, taking the slow taste of the joys of childhood*

that is his due. Don't push him into adult activities until he is ready for them. Don't pressure him. Teach him to relax and enjoy simple things and people.

4. *Answer all his questions.* Keep his curiosity alive. Charles Van Doren, Columbia's gift to quiz shows, credits his interest in practically everything to his parents, who tried to answer all his youthful questions and encouraged him to keep on asking.

5. *Give him regular duties and responsibilities.* Don't let him develop a superior attitude toward homely, necessary chores.

6. *Let him follow his hobbies.* Lifelong interests and careers often

develop out of these early activities. Try to keep him to one hobby at a time.

7. *Give him books.* Don't worry too much about the inferior books he reads, or even comics. Few, if any, bright children get permanently caught by the comic or the not-so-comic books.

8. *Prepare him to be resented by those less able than himself.* Get him to recognize calmly and without rancor why he will be called "long hair" and "egghead." Teach him to take it with good humor.

9. *Give him all your love and understanding.* He needs every bit of it. In this respect he is just like all other children.

RUSES OF ADVERSITY

A mother, anxious to know whether her child was going to be promoted, asked the teacher. The teacher explained that she was not permitted to give out such information before the term was over.

"I wouldn't want you to break the rules," the mother said slyly, "but tell me—should I worry?"

I. M. Schon.

In my college days, we would hand in a self-addressed post card with our final examination papers. On the post card we would write: "Your grade is —." The professor would insert the grade in the blank and mail the card, thus giving us speedy notice of our standing.

I was having trouble with a course in Spanish. All semester I wobbled between a C and a D. I pinned my hopes on the final examination, but when I took it I felt I had done badly. I made one last try. On the post card I wrote: "Your grade is —. Congratulations!"

I got the C.

Will Bernard.

By Kay Sullivan
Condensed from the "Catholic World"*

The Sunny World of Phyllis McGinley

*Her love letters praise
suburbs and saints*



PHYLLIS MCGINLEY has been hailed as the best writer of light verse in the U.S. Critics can't find enough nice things to say about her. Any review of a McGinley book sounds like a mother describing her child.

"Her skill as a versifier, her attractive mien of mind, her responsive heart invest her poems with absolute perfection," writes one critic. Her last collection of poems, *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley*, sold over 35,000 copies. The average book of poems is lucky to sell 3,000.

Every year sees Phyllis adding another literary honor to her collection: the Christopher award, the Edna St. Vincent Millay prize of the Poetry Society of America, the Siena medal from Theta Phi Alpha Catholic sorority, the Golden Book award. She is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the highest honor given to U.S. artists, writers, and composers.

Every year, dozens of would-be literary lights write to her from all over the country. One pleaded, "It must be wonderful to live in New York and go to literary teas and cocktail parties and meet famous people. I write poetry and all my friends tell me I am very sophisticated, so I wondered if you could advise me how. . . ."

"And the terrible truth of the matter is that I lead a painfully normal life," says Phyllis. "I hate literary teas; I am frightened of publishers' parties; and I consider a walk to the village a high adventure. I am quite literally a suburban housewife, but because so many of my poems have appeared in the *New Yorker*, people imagine I'm more sophisticated than I am."

*411 E. 59th St., New York City 19. September, 1957. © 1957 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle in the State of New York, and reprinted with permission.

Photograph by Pach Brothers.

In Larchmont, N. Y., some 20 miles east of Manhattan, Phyllis McGinley is Phyllis Hayden, wife of telephone-company executive Charles (Bill) Hayden and affectionate mother of two teen-aged daughters, Julie, 18, and Pat, 16. The Haydens live in a charming beige-colored house, hidden behind tall hedges and outlined with colorful flower beds.

The whole house reflects her special graciousness. A professional decorator would be envious of the job she has done in furnishing it. In the beige-and-pale-green living room, she has brought together such divergent items as a rare old French escritoire, Victorian sofa and marble-topped tables, side chairs from a courthouse in Ireland, and a marble fireplace mantel that once belonged to Mark Twain.

Life in Larchmont led Phyllis to write one of her most famous articles, a ringing defense of suburbia. "I was weary of listening to everyone belittle suburban life," she says, "so I decided to write a little love letter to the suburbs." It was a love letter that gave suburban housewives a new lease on life; caused hundreds of commuters to hold their heads higher; made urbanites feel for the first time that they might be missing something.

"I got lots of letters from city dwellers asking if I could recommend a house for sale or rent in the suburbs," says Phyllis. "And one of the real-estate agents in Larchmont

even hung my picture in his office."

A New York suburb wasn't always Phyllis McGinley's home town. She was born in Ontario, Ore., on March 21, 1905, daughter of Daniel and Julia Kiesel McGinley. She grew up on a sprawling Colorado ranch.

"It's a curious thing that I, the archpoet of the *New Yorker*, had such a wild and woolly childhood," she says. "We had about 1,000 acres of land east of Denver. It was a remarkable experience. The nearest town, about six miles away, looked just like a scene from *High Noon*: muddy Main St., hitching posts, false-fronted stores and all. My brother and I used to ride ponies to school about three miles from home."

She was 12 when her father died and her mother decided to take the family to Ogden, Utah, where she had been born and brought up. In Ogden, Phyllis attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart for a while, then continued at the University of Utah and the University of Southern California.

"I always wanted to become a poet," she says. "I cut my teeth on a pencil." As a matter of fact, Phyllis was rhyming words at the ripe age of six. It was then that she whipped off this little gem:

*Sometimes in the evening
When the sky is red and pink
I love to lie in the hammock
And think and think and think.*

"That's doubtless the beginning of my lifelong preference for the horizontal position when composing," comments Phyllis.

While still in college, Phyllis began selling her poetry to Catholic magazines. She packed up and came to New York City in 1928.

"I had absolutely no talent for earning a living," she recalls. "I was a blundering typist and I couldn't take shorthand. About the only thing I was sure I could do was to teach. I taught English in a high school in New Rochelle. And there I stayed for four and a half years, teaching all day, writing at night, and mailing off my efforts to New York papers and magazines. When the *New Yorker* started to accept my poems regularly, I finally dared to give up teaching and move into Manhattan."

Even so, practical Phyllis decided to take a job with an advertising agency, thinking she would have plenty of spare time for poetry writing. "But the boss was the kind of man who, if he liked your work, thought you ought to handle *all* the accounts," says Phyllis. "He was so smitten with the first few things I wrote that I suddenly found myself worked to death. I just couldn't go on eulogizing tooth paste or soap all day and write poetry at night, so I had to resign. When I announced I was quitting after only five months, I thought they'd hate me. But instead, I got a farewell luncheon with not only

an orchid but a gardenia, too. One flower was customary, but two were an accolade!"

Next, Phyllis became an editor of the swank *Town and Country*. "It was the ideal job," she sighs. "I worked three days a week. I could come into the office in the morning or the afternoon, whichever I preferred. I was the poetry editor, but the only poetry being used was mine. And whenever they printed one of my poems, I was paid extra!"

But even a dream job must end when the dream man comes along. Phyllis met Bill Hayden, and suddenly being a magazine editor didn't seem very important.

"We were married in St. Joseph's church in Greenwich Village. It was June 25, 1937—and we almost didn't get married! I had asked the organist not to play the traditional wedding march, but I didn't tell Monsignor Hickey. Twice he came out of the sacristy and looked frantically back towards the choir, wondering when the wedding march would begin. Finally, it dawned on me that we had ruined his cue and we rushed someone back to tell him."

Once her husband is off to his New York office in the morning and her girls are gone to school, Phyllis buckles down to work. She has no special workshop, generally writes in her own bedroom or the den. She writes slowly, polishing each word and phrase until it satisfies her perfectionist's soul.

"I remind myself of a robin when I'm working," says Phyllis. "You know how a robin goes about pulling a worm out of the ground, hanging on to it for dear life. That's how I worry a poem. I hang on to it and I don't let it slip out of my consciousness for a moment. If I do, then I'm likely to lose it forever."

Not long ago, Phyllis had what she considers her best inspiration. It started when Julie and Pat, both students at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Greenwich, Conn., brought home some biographies of the saints. Phyllis, a ravenous reader ("She reads as though someone had offered a prize for the first one to read 50 books a day," observed a neighbor), went through the books while the girls were doing their homework.

She got so interested in the saints that she began to study their lives seriously. It was inevitable that she would immortalize them in a new light. In typical Phyllis McGinley style, she pinpoints an unexpected quality in her heavenly subjects, leaving them, as one writer commented, "with their halos at a rakish angle, but still saintly."

St. Bridget she called the Give-away Girl, remarking that she "drove the family mad. For here's the fault in Bridget lay: she would give everything away . . . and when she ran out of things to give, she'd borrow from a relative."

St. Jerome she found "a born

reformer, cross and gifted, he scolded mankind sterner than Swift did."

As for St. Simeon Stylites sitting atop his desert pillar, she comments, "It puzzles the age, it puzzles me. It puzzled many a Desert Father. And I think it puzzled the good Lord, rather."

Other saints who got the McGinley treatment included Sts. Anthony, Martin of Tours, Philip Neri, Teresa of Avila, Catherine of Siena, Thomas More, and Francis of Assisi.

"You can't possibly read about the saints without falling in love with them," says Phyllis. "What's more, you'll find that there is a saint for every individual, every generation, every situation." Her own favorites are St. Francis de Sales, St. Thomas Aquinas, and St. Augustine.

The McGinley talent isn't limited to trenchant verse for adults; she has written a number of delightful children's books, including *The Horse Who Lived Upstairs*, *The Make-Believe Twins*, *The Most Wonderful Doll in the World*. Her newest is called *The Year There Was No Santa Claus*. It will be published this fall.

She also writes a great deal of prose, on a variety of subjects. One of her most successful articles was a frank and thoughtful discussion of chastity. She told how she was counseling her daughters on the subject of physical love.

"Love is never merely a biologi-

cal act but one of the few miracles left on this earth," she wrote. "To use it cheaply is a sin. My daughters shall be taught about conscience and sin."

Hundreds of parents wrote in to say they had felt that to teach children about sin was to frighten them, but that her article had made them see how vital it was that impressionable young people know sin's true implications.

There are few subjects that have not moved Phyllis to poetizing. Her range is indicated in any random handful of her titles: *Notes Written on a Damp Veranda*; *In Praise of the Continental Congress*; *Ballroom Dancing Class*; *Open Letter to Santa Claus*; *Raddled Rhyme in Praise of Poodles*; *Word to Hostesses*; *Meditation During a Permanent Wave*; *Meditations While Filling a Fountain Pen*; *Executive's Wife*; *Small Town Parade*; *Recipe for a Happy Marriage*.

"If there ever was an artist who was first and foremost a wife and mother, it's Phyllis," says one of her closest friends. "Phyllis and Bill are the most devoted couple in the world. Whenever I see them in public, I get the feeling that they're holding hands."

Phyllis, slender and chic, with sparkling eyes and a radiant smile, is the envy of her friends for her perfect grooming. "While the rest of us occasionally get caught doing household chores or shopping in an old skirt and sweater and with hair

up in pin curls, not Phyllis," says a friend. "She is always impeccable."

Playright Jean Kerr, wife of New York *Herald Tribune* theater critic Walter Kerr, and a neighbor of the Haydens, says Phyllis is probably the only person in the world you could call sunny and be justified. "She has that kind of disposition," says Mrs. Kerr. "And I know it is because she is so secure within herself. She doesn't hanker after anything. She has everything she wants in her family and her faith."

"When I first met Phyllis, I expected her to be all shellacked and severe, with martinis flying out of her hands like butterflies," she says. "Instead, there was this sort of innocent Middle-Westerner, all enchanted with life and incredibly youthful and eager."

Jean points out something that isn't widely known about the country's leading writer of light verse. "She's a superlative cook," she says. "You should taste her spaghetti and her crêpes suzette."

"I love to cook and to clean house," Phyllis says. (Once she waxed a floor so thoroughly that she slipped and fell, spent two years in bed with a spinal injury.) "I'm also proud of the fact that my checkbook always balances and that I never forget a phone number."

Nonetheless, the poetess who carries something like 150 phone numbers in her head can't remember her own poems when asked to

quote them. And once, while she was shopping in Saks', a clerk asked for her name. Looking down at a package in her arms, Phyllis saw a label. "It's Chayden," she answered promptly. "C-h-a-y-d-e-n."

Phyllis could spend half her days traveling around the country addressing literary gatherings and women's clubs, but she doesn't. "When you have a good marriage, you try to keep it good," she explains. "I think my place is with my husband and my girls."

Once, she traveled up to Boston

for the tryout of *Small Wonder*, a musical for which she had written some lyrics.

"I love the theater and have always wanted to write for it, and here was my chance," says Phyllis. "I arrived, unpacked, and attended one rehearsal, feeling very much a part of the theater. Then Bill phoned to wish me luck, and in the course of our conversation mentioned that Pat had a bad cough. That did it for me. I was home on the next train, my theatrical career completely forgotten."



THE PERFECT ASSIST

As I was driving home one hot afternoon, I noticed an elderly woman trudging wearily along the sidewalk. She had a cane in one hand, a heavy shopping bag in the other.

I slowed down so quickly that the driver behind me had to swerve around my car. (He shouted something caustic about women drivers as he went past.) I backed up to the old woman, got out of my car, and said, "Please let me drive you home. You look so tired."

"Thank you, dear, but I'm quite all right," she began to protest; but I took her shopping bag, put it on the front seat, and urged her to get in.

"Well, all right, then. It's very kind of you," she said, with a sudden, sweet smile. "I'll tell you where to go."

I drove her to a house several blocks away, and carried her shopping bag up to the door. She thanked me warmly, and I went on my way suffused with the pleasant glow that follows an act of kindness.

A few days later, I was out soliciting funds for the Red Cross. The block that was assigned to me happened to be the same block in which I had picked up the old woman. I was flabbergasted when the second doorbell I rang was answered by her!

There was a moment of mutual astonishment. Then she said, "You see, after all the trouble you went to, I just couldn't tell you that a few more steps would have brought me to my door. So I had you take me to a friend's house, and she drove me home."

Mrs. E. N. Papadakis.

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By Anne Fogarty
Fashion Designer



Mantillas

American women are finding the traditional Spanish headpiece useful as well as beautiful

ONE BIT OF Old World charm that is fast becoming an American fashion success is the mantilla. Debutantes and brides, secretaries and socialites—all are finding it a wonderfully versatile as well as beautiful addition to their wardrobes.

Let me tell you how I first discovered the mantilla's great usefulness and beauty. Two years ago I was in a little town in southern Spain. I found myself wandering its streets, completely captivated by the atmosphere created by its centuries of tradition, its magnificent architecture, delightful fountains, crooked streets, and splendid colors.

Suddenly I was standing before a little gem of a church. On impulse, I started to enter, then realized that my head and shoulders were bare. Slowly, I turned away. An old woman who had been observing my predicament came up to me. With smiles and gestures, she

offered to lend me the mantilla, or chapel veil, that she herself was wearing.

Later, when I returned the headpiece, she explained that this very one had been worn by the women of her family for generations. As I examined it in detail I was struck by the richness of the lace and the intricate perfection of the design. Despite its great age, it seemed to be in excellent condition.

Time and again as I traveled through Spain, Portugal, and Italy I was to see the mantilla worn with pride on the streets, in churches, and even at formal social functions.

Practical and becoming for watching field sports.





*Always handy
for one of those
unplanned
visits to the
Blessed
Sacrament.*

Like a well-designed basic dress, the mantilla can assume many "looks." The lengths, designs, and shapes varied widely, but every one that I saw was a thing of beauty; the total effect was one of unutterable charm.

Until comparatively recently, mantillas were always made by hand, and it required inexhaustible patience as well as artistic talent to produce one. Most modern mantillas are now turned out by machine; and the visitor to Portugal will find that there the manufacture of the charming headpieces has become a flourishing industry. But for great occasions like weddings, mantillas are even now often made by hand, and become the family heirlooms of the future.

Mantillas can be found today at nearly all fine clothing stores in the U. S., at prices ranging from about a dollar to several hundred dollars, and in a delightful diversity of delicate designs, colors, and sizes.

Artist: Jorge Argerich

When worn by the sports spectator as a becoming scarf tied under the chin, the mantilla will protect the hair-do against any treacherous breeze. As a simple square carried in the pocket by women who do not care to be bothered with a hat, it is always ready at hand for morning Mass or a quick afternoon visit to the Blessed Sacrament. (Indeed, there is now a tiny mantilla that is made especially to be tucked between the pages of a missal.) Or again, as an exquisite triangle or stole of intricate design, it is in perfect taste for dining out, attending the theater, or even the most formal evening wear.

Small wonder that the centuries-old mantilla is rapidly becoming a "must" item in the wardrobes of so many up-to-date American women.

*Triangular
mantillas of
intricate design
are excellent
for formal wear.*



Are You Old Before Your Time?

This quiz will tell you whether you've been kidding yourself

MODERN SCIENCE has made it possible for people to live longer and look younger, but considerable evidence indicates that we are not doing as much for ourselves as we might. Here is a revealing scientific quiz you can take to give yourself an idea of how young in heart you are—or aren't. It has been prepared with the help of a psychologist, a sociologist, and a geriatrician. If some of the questions sound offbeat or even zany, it's because they are carefully designed to keep you from kidding yourself with self-conscious answers.

1. Do you find that you take your clothes to the cleaner less often than you did five years ago? Yes___ No___.

2. Have you gone to bed earlier than 11 P.M. at least once in the last two weeks? Yes___ No___.

3. Has your preference in steak changed from rare to medium or medium to well-done? Yes___ No___.



4. Were you more relieved than disappointed the last time a hostess telephoned to say that her party had been called off? Yes___ No___.

5. Is there any song currently popular today that moves you emotionally the way *Stardust*, *As Time Goes By*, and *These Foolish Things* used to do? Yes___ No___.

6. Would you be just as happy taking your vacation in early June or late September instead of July or August? Yes___ No___.

7. When your barber or beautician finishes work on your hair and offers to show you the back of your head, do you say (or think), "Oh, skip it!" Yes___ No___.

8. Have you formed any really

*485 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. May 19, 1957. © 1957 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

close friendships in the last five years? Yes___ No___.

9. Of the last five parties you attended, was one or more given by someone you have known for less than two years? Yes___ No___.

10. Did you eat the identical meal for lunch three or more times last week? Yes___ No___.

11. Are you pleased if nobody sits beside you in a theater, lunchroom or train? Yes___ No___.

12. Has all the furniture in your favorite room remained in exactly the same spot for the last three years? Yes___ No___.

13. Are your telephone conversations longer now than three years ago? Yes___ No___.

14. Will you be spending this Sunday exactly as you did last Sunday and the six Sundays before that? Yes___ No___.

15. Are you perturbed when your newspaper changes its type face or replaces a column or comic strip? Yes___ No___.

The authorities who helped prepare this test say that the young-minded person will probably answer:

Yes to questions 2, 5, 8, 9, 15.

No to questions 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.

If you differed on as many as four, your attitudes still score as pleasantly mellow. More than that however, and, no matter what your years, you are getting old before your time.

Do you consider the questions

tricky or some of the answers unexpected? Even so, our three scientists stand by them. Perhaps you'd like to know how they defend a few of their more surprising conclusions.

The youthful-minded person will answer No to question 1, for example, because he or she is more willing to enter impulsively into untried, uncomfortable or unconventional activities. Testing a new recipe, exploring a beckoning hill-top, scrambling into a neighbor's attic or basement are situations that the Mathusala-minded usually manage to avoid with the result of fewer trips to the cleaners.

2. Premature aging is often associated with worrying; and worriers usually can't get to sleep by 11 P.M., no matter how tired they may be.

3. About better-done steaks: chefs say that older persons prefer them; doctors say they are easier to digest. Gerontologists say that older people move away from vigorous foods of youth.

4. It does take a little effort to go to a party, but a younghearted person gladly makes the effort to meet new faces and ideas.

5. Tastes in music aside, if you shook your head on this one, chances are that you no longer respond to songs with the same youthful sentiment.

6. The young-minded usually prefer July and August because everybody is doing it; the social pace is

faster; they don't mind children on the beach; and the weather is most likely to permit a maximum of golf or tennis, water sports, fishing, and camping. Older-minded vacationers, who are primarily comfort-conscious, willingly put in a few bad-weather days in the hotel lobby in return for the comparative peace and privacy of early June or late September.

7. Both the insecurity and vanity of youth make them more concerned with their appearance. Premature oldsters often care little how they look from the rear.

8. A more regrettable sign of aging is a lack of interest or capacity for making close friends.

9. Similarly, youthful people move easily into a social relationship with new acquaintances.

10. If this was true for you, psychologists say you have lost one of the characteristics of growth, an interest in exploration and change.

11. Young people attach little importance to privacy; only the old-minded assume that all strangers are prospective bores.

12. Scientists hold that pushing furniture around is a youthful characteristic. It means that you are still in the nest-building period, thinking creatively about your home and furnishings. The old-in-thought just doesn't have the desire or energy to move things about.

13. Although some teen-agers do

glue themselves to the phone, it is advancing age that often makes people talkative and prompts them to explain everything in great length.

14. A No here means that you are still youthful enough to keep your life out of a comfortable rut.

15. This question probably tripped up the greatest number of readers. But our authorities hold that, contrary to popular impression, the signposts of tradition mean more to youth than to old age. If your mind is really rooted in the past you take changes apathetically—there have already been so many! Protesting, our experts pointed out, takes lots of mental energy.

Do you still disagree? Good! The tendency to dispute authority is a youthful attitude, too! Most of us, however, regardless of years, would be much happier if we could feel a little younger.

"Age is a state of mind as well as body," observes geriatrician Dr. C. Ward Crampton. "Many are the men and women who pride themselves on their strength and health, yet actually think and act as if they were their own great-grandfathers. There's no mistake about it: you may think—and act—yourself into decrepit old age long before your time!" Youthful attitudes, on the other hand, can help peel years off both your emotional age and your physical appearance.



Butlers I Have Known

Hard as it is to be a good butler, it is still harder to be a good butlee

IF I HAVE a fault as a writer, which is very doubtful, I should say that it is a tendency to concentrate too closely on the subject of butlers. Referring to the archives, I see that since I first came to America as a beardless boy in my early 20's I have written stories about butlers named Beach, Keggs, Crocker, Blizzard, Vosper, Sturgis, Slingsby, Jorkins, Gascoigne, Pollen, Seppings, Phipps, Chibnall, Spink, and Silversmith.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that critics in every city in the country have got good and sore and are asking if there is no means whereby this nuisance can be abated. Carpers say that enough is enough. Cavilers say the same.

One can see their point, for the evil is even far more widely spread than I have indicated. I probably have given the impression that I have written only one story about each of these butlers. The fact is that about Beach, for instance, I have written nine fat books, and



everywhere, as I say, the cry goes up, "How long? How long?" And here I am, breaking out in another place with this thoughtful essay.

It was supposed by many that the 2nd World War would have brought relief to my readers by so reducing the riches of the British aristocrat as to render it impossible for me to go on writing about butlers. With income tax at ten shillings on the pound and surtax starting at £2,000, those earls and viscounts, they argued, were not going to squander on butlers the little income that was left to them. But this is not so. England's stately homes may be open to inspection at two shillings a go, but in each s.h. there is still a butler to show the sightseers around. Just as there will always be an England, so will

there always be an English butler.

Not that things are quite the same as in the brave old days. At the height of his prosperity as a writer of whodunits the late Edgar Wallace used to have two butlers, a day butler and a night butler. Whenever you looked in at his little nest you would always find butting in progress. I doubt if you would see that nowadays. In these harder times, you live on your capital and have just one.

In these few remarks I shall deal with the best-known representative of the species, the English butler, but scattered about the world there are many other types. In Hollywood, for instance, a butler may be of almost any nationality. The acid test is whether he knows how to look after the swimming pool. One I had when I was there was a Japanese. He was succeeded by a Filipino, who left to become a professional boxer. Here is the only failing of the Filipino butler. You take your eye off him for a second, and he is out with his manager arranging dates for four-round bouts.

There was one genuine English butler in Hollywood. He worked as a free lance, hiring himself out for large parties. This habit led to the sudden reform of a visiting New Yorker whose dissipated ways had been occasioning his family no little concern.

Going to a party on the night of his arrival, this young man felt as he was ushered into the house that

his hostess had had the luck to secure a really first-class butler. He liked the fellow's quiet, deferential manner, and thought no more about the matter till he went to another party two nights later and was shown in by what looked extraordinarily like the same chap.

A twin brother, he assured himself; but it was noticed during the subsequent festivities that the young guest, usually the life of such gatherings, was strangely silent. He was to be observed standing in a corner, casting thoughtful glances at the man with the cocktail tray.

On the following evening, invited to a third party, he got no farther than the door. One startled look at the servitor who was holding it open for him, and he was off to book transportation to Battle Creek, where he took a six-week rest. He is now regarded as the chief ornament of a family noted for its rigid views. In his eyes you will sometimes see the unmistakable look of a man who has passed through some soul-testing experience.

It has always seemed to me one of the most poignant ironies of life that the intellectual poor, who are endowed with the sensibility necessary for the proper appreciation of butlers and the imagination to enjoy them to the full, should be too fiscally crippled to afford them; while the dull and stupid rich, to whom there is no romance in a butler, are never without them. This arrangement is manifestly all wrong,

for hard as it is to be a good butler, it is still harder to be a good but-lee.

Take the case of that Texan family who, Pop having cleaned up rather sensationally in oil, awoke one morning in the midst of their enjoyment of their novel wealth to find that an English butler had imperceptibly insinuated himself into the home. The discovery left them aghast. Some are born to butlers, some achieve butlers, and others have butlers thrust upon them. These Texans belonged to the last class.

In the daily recriminations which followed Mergleson's arrival, each of the family denied hotly that he or she had been responsible for his engagement. They decided in the end that nobody had engaged him, but that he had just materialized like some noxious vapor given out by their wealth.

From the moment of his arrival, happiness took to itself wings. If they had been Tin Pan Alley song writers, they would have said that the skies were gray and that they had lost the bluebird. Mergleson once had been with a duke, and I am told by friends who dined at their table that it was pitiful to see the way they cringed before the man. They congealed beneath his cold eye. They quailed at the proximity of his bulging vest.

If conversation became for an instant free and unselfconscious, it collapsed at the sound of Mergle-

son's quietly disapproving "Sherry or hock, sir?" Sometimes, one of the sons, in the devil-may-care way of youth, would begin a funny story, only to subside halfway through as he heard that short, soft cough behind him. The cough said as plainly as if Mergleson had uttered the words, "Pardon me, but this sort of thing would hardly have done for His Grace."

I forget how it all ended. They could not have shot the man, or I would have seen it in the papers. They could not have given him notice, for they had not the courage. I imagine that they talked the thing over, and one night, having made sure that he was asleep, packed their suitcases and sneaked away to Bermuda or somewhere.

It is one of the compensations of increasing age that fear of English butlers (that butler-phobia of which Herbert Spencer and other philosophers have written so searchingly) decreases with the passage of the years. But it may be taken as an axiom that a man under 25 who says he is not afraid of butlers is lying.

In my own case I was well over 30 before I could convince myself, when paying a social call, that the reason the butler looked at me in that cold and distant way was that it was his normal expression when on duty; that he did not do it because he suspected that I was overdrawn at the bank, had bought my trousers ready-made, and was trying

to make last year's hat do for another season.

I freely admit that my nonage, that period of life which should be all joy and optimism, was almost completely soured by the feeling that, while I tucked into the lunch provided by some kindly hostess, the butler was registering silent disapproval of the peculiar shape of the back of my head. But then, those were the days when butlers were butlers, when you never met one who weighed under 210 pounds or who had not pale, bulging eyes and a grim, tight-lipped mouth. The modern butler is lithe and lissome and was probably a colonel in the last war.

Few people, seeing them only when on duty, realize that butlers have their human side. In their off hours they are as full of fun as you or I might be. I had a butler in London who put on his derby hat and went off to spend his evening out, and blow me if he didn't saunter around to a filling station and hold up its proprietor with a gun. I would have given much to have been present and heard the accompanying dialogue. I should imagine he said, "Pardon me, sir, but I should be extremely gratified if you would be so good as to hand over your money and valuables," or something like that.

It amuses me when, as sometimes happens, I hear thoughtless people criticizing butlers on the absurd ground that they are useless en-

cumbrances for whose existence there is no excuse in these enlightened days. Abolish butlers, and what would become of the drama? You might just as well expect playwrights to get along without stage telephones. Eliminate the butler, and who is to enter rooms at critical moments when, if another word were spoken, the play would end immediately? Who is to fill gaps by coming in with cocktails? Who is to explain the plot of the farce at the rise of the curtain?

Dramatists realize this, and of late, unless it be something by Arthur Miller or Tennessee Williams, it is rare to find a butlerless play. In the old days, butlers were confined mostly to society comedies and farces adapted from the French, which made things very convenient for the playgoer. Directly you saw a butler come on the stage, you could say to yourself, "Ah, so this is a society comedy or a farce adapted from the French, is it?" and steal away to a musical comedy while there was still time to escape.

It used to be a stage tradition that if ever misfortune hit the home the butler came forward and offered the hero his savings to help him over the crisis. In real life, butlers are almost unbelievably slow to take their cue on such occasions. A friend of mine was telling me of what happened when he was unlucky in some speculations on the stock market and found himself in the unpleasant position of having to

cover by Monday, and nothing to cover with. Since he was a regular theatergoer, his first act was to ring the bell for his butler.

"Ah, Meadows," he said. "I have had some very serious losses on the market."

"Indeed, sir?" said the worthy fellow.

"Yes, extremely serious losses. I hardly know where to turn for the stuff."

"Indeed, sir?"

"In fact, Meadows, I am absolutely ruined."

"Very good, sir," said Meadows. My friend saw that delicate innuendo was useless.

"Meadowes," he said, "I suppose you couldn't see your way to letting me have those savings of yours?"

Something like emotion at last animated the man's mask-like face.

"No, sir, thank you, sir," he said in a quiet, respectful voice. "Not if I know it, sir. And I should like to give a week's notice."

You cannot rely on the drama as an accurate guide when dealing with butlers.

In Our Parish

In our parish, our 2nd-grader came home proudly bearing her report card and presented it to her father for inspection, all the while anxiously awaiting his reaction.

After careful examination, her father complimented her upon its excellence. Then he asked, "What do they mean by 'A' in Expression, honey?"

After looking puzzled for a moment our little girl replied, "I'm not sure, daddy, but I guess Sister just liked the look on my face." T. W. Cooper.

*

In our parish lives an ex-army sergeant who runs his family the way he used to run his platoon.

The day the window was broken he called in his three sons.

"Have you anything to report?" he asked the 12-year-old in a loud voice. The boy snapped to attention, saluted, and said, "No, sir."

"Have you anything to report?" he asked the nine-year-old in a louder voice. He went through the same business, and gave the same answer.

"Have you anything to report?" he asked the five-year-old in the loudest voice of all.

The little fellow hung his head and reported, "Yes, sir, I broke it. How do I go about getting a transfer out of this outfit?" Paul West.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Paul I. Wellman

Condensed from "Field and Stream"*

I Caught a Muskie!

*With the help of two men
and a monkey wrench*

THE FISHERMAN climbs out of his boat, nods curtly to the men on the dock, as the lord of the manor might nod to his serfs, and betakes himself at once to his abode. He has no fish in his boat. He never has any fish. He is not expected to have any fish. He is one of the tribe of muskie fishermen.

The muskie is the king of freshwater fish in the Ontario wilds, the largest, fiercest, hardest to find, the hardest to hook, to hang onto, to land, to subdue after he is landed.

Muskies induce something like stage fright when you meet them for the first time. Once I was plug-casting for smallmouthed bass in outer Portage bay in Ontario's Lake of the Woods. I dropped my lure, a small artificial minnow, in a narrow, rocky inlet, and began to retrieve. Suddenly the water rippled, and a mighty torpedo shape broke the surface, arched above it, and struck like a rattlesnake at the lure.

So astonished was I by the ferocity of the attack that I froze. An expression of sheer idiocy must have covered my face. I did not

even attempt to set the lure's hooks.

Before I could come out of my coma, the fish spat out the bait and was gone into the depths. Still hypnotized, I cast again.

Again the sinister shadow rose from below. Slowly the huge fish followed my bait, his snout not a foot from it but never striking it, until he was no more than ten feet



*383 Madison Ave., New York City 17. May, 1957. © 1957 by Henry Holt & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

from the boat. There he stopped, and lay just below the surface, appearing as long as a fence post, red fins and tiger stripes perfectly visible, looking me over with a surly glare that made me wince. Then he turned with leisurely contempt and swam down into his depths, to appear no more—though I belatedly came to myself, changed tackle, and spent an hour trying every kind of lure to tempt him again. My Indian guide estimated the fish at not less than 50 pounds.

It is customary for muskie fishermen to carry in the boat some kind of weapon to deal with the vicious fish. Usually it is a club called a priest—for what reason I do not know, but perhaps because it administers the last rites to the fish. Sometimes men carry a pistol with which to shoot the muskie when they get him alongside the boat. This was the case with two men, one an expert and the other a novice, who went out after muskies one day at Portage bay.

The expert managed to hook a good-sized fish. The ensuing battle, with the furious leaps and swirls of the muskie, the bending rod and the screeching reel, had the greenhorn popeyed with excitement. At last, after a lengthy battle, the angler managed to bring the fish alongside the boat.

"Grab that pistol," he yelled, "and shoot him through the head!"

His companion groped for the automatic and tried to follow orders.

But he was in such a dither that he forgot to release the safety catch. Before he could pull the trigger, the muskie sounded for the bottom again.

The sweating angler managed after another struggle to get the fish back. This time the muskie turned over, showing his white underside, an indication that he was well tired out. In some manner the fisherman got a net over his head and managed to bring him into the boat.

But as soon as the fish landed in the bottom of the boat his indignation returned, and with it his energy. He gave a tremendous leap. This time the greenhorn fired five bullets through the muskie.

The bullets subdued the fish, all right. But they also made the boat a sieve. Hours later the two men were rescued from an island which they had barely managed to reach with their leaking craft.

Muskies are great, but they are few in number and very cunning. Not many are caught in any given year. Muskie fishermen, on the other hand, are many and not so cunning. They are of two kinds: the self-dedicated and the elect.

The self-dedicated may fish for years without getting a muskie. Father Emmett Shanahan, of Warroad, Minn., an engaging friend of mine, belonged to this class. "Believe it or not," he told me once, "for more than seven years I beat almost every bay into a froth and

never saw one. Then in 1948 destiny and I had a rendezvous. When it was all over, a 33-pounder capitulated. How many muskies have I taken since? Well, I did catch another one. Weight, 12 pounds. I blush when I remember that I kept it."

The elect among muskie fishermen are those who have caught a muskie, no matter how. I myself may make humble claim to being a muskie fisherman, class of the elect. I have scars to show for it.

It was toward the end of my fishing trip that year, and for three days the weather had been beastly. Charlie Kaiser and I were trolling Lost bay, just on the other side of the Portage. Our guide that day was Alex Kelly, an Ojibwa. The fishing was far from good. Heavy waves kept our boat pitching.

After about an hour of this unpleasantness I was about to suggest to Charlie that we return to camp and refresh ourselves when I got a heavy strike. "I believe I've hooked a good one!" I said.

Our guide Alex shut off the motor and took up his paddle.

"Might be a real fish," I said a moment later.

My rod was arching. The drag on the reel was sliding as I began the first part of the battle. All at once I felt a series of quick jerks. Disappointed, I said, "It's probably a northern, not a walleye."

"Too bad," sympathized Charlie. At that moment the fish broached

like a porpoise and we glimpsed red fins and a striped side.

"It's a big muskie!" shouted the guide.

The line still ran out from my reel and the rod still arched, and behind me Charlie excitedly coached me in the manner of all fishermen watching another play a big fish.

"Keep that line tight! Let him run! Don't horse him! Bring him in! Watch him! He's heading for those weeds; stop him! That's it! Don't let him roll that line around him! Keep your rod up! He's a big one; play him!"

Our boat was pitching crazily, since the motor was off and the waves big and rough. But I half stood up to get better height. The fish raced about, always below surface after that first looping appearance.

All at once my line went slack. "I've lost him!" I wailed.

Rapidly I began reeling in line. There was no contact. I was sure the fish was off.

Suddenly it happened. Almost right under my elbow, at the side of the boat, the water exploded. Straight up into the air, clear out of the water for the full length of his twisting, gleaming body, came the furious muskie. I had a close-up glimpse of a long, savage mouth filled with shark's teeth; a glaring, wrathful eye; and flaring red gills. Then water cascaded over us. At sight of the apparition I fell backward into my open tackle box.

The events of the next few minutes are somewhat disorganized in my memory. Chief among my impressions was a sharp pain in one of the broader portions of my anatomy. I had sat squarely on a lure.

I did not let go my rod. The fish went sounding off as I scrambled to my feet, the tackle box and lures all over the bottom of the boat.

"He's still on!" exulted Charlie.

"Ouch! Get this thing out of me!" I yelled. The thing happened to have four gangs of treble hooks. I felt as though all 12 points had punctured me.

"Hold still!" said Charlie. Despite the pitching of the boat, he came forward and began trying to disengage the hooks that were embedded in me and my pants. I gave a new yelp.

The muskie had charged again, this time going right under the boat, taking the line with him and coming up out of the water on the other side. It was only the cool

action of the guide that saved the situation then. With a sweep of his paddle, he swung the boat around.

"For Pete's sake, cut them out and get me loose!" I implored. And as the guide paddled the stern around again to keep the fish from fouling the line, I almost sat down again in the lure-littered bottom.

The racket of our trampling feet, the rattle of the tackle box and lures, my own yowls—all undoubtedly were a strange cacophony to the muskie below.

I can only conclude that his curiosity got the best of him. All at once, he was on the surface, right by the boat, by no means subdued, but looking at us with an expression that I can only describe as an amazed one.

In that moment, Alex, who never for one second had lost his head, reached far out over the gunwale and whacked the fish a terrific blow on the head with a monkey wrench. That is how I got my muskie.

ANSWERS TO 'HIDDEN NOURISHMENT'

(Page 93)

- | | | |
|--------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. egg | 7. chicken | 13. nuts |
| 2. corn | 8. cake | 14. squash |
| 3. pie | 9. milk | 15. prune |
| 4. ham | 10. cream puff | 16. applesauce |
| 5. lamb chop | 11. hot dog | 17. chowchow |
| 6. pickle | 12. honey | 18. meat loaf |

If you got 17-18 correct, go to the head of the class. Even getting 14-16 is very good; and a score of 13 makes a passing grade. Scores of 12 or lower may mean either that you need to brush up on your vocabulary or that you don't believe in slang.

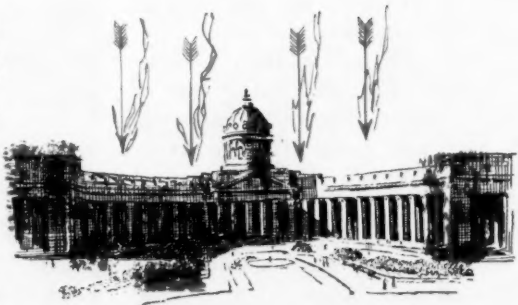
Museum of Hate

*People have to be taught to hate religion,
and often the teaching does not stick*

AS I STEPPED through the big, swinging doors of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan in Leningrad, the first thing to catch my eye was a sign fastened to a pillar: "Religion is the opium of the people. Karl Marx." It is the Soviet greeting to visitors to this fine old church, built in 1811, a careful copy of St. Peter's at Rome, though smaller. Now the official title of the building is: The Museum of the History of Religion and Atheism.

The church, which was converted to a museum in 1930, is visited annually by a quarter of a million people. They find what is probably the greatest collection of anti-Catholic books, posters, cartoons, and paintings in the world. Each item displayed, on walls or in showcases, is described by a neat placard. The signs look very scientific. They were written by the "scholars" who run the museum. They tell the historical meaning of the "works of art." Of course, the history is communist history.

One of the scholars who works



at the museum (he is paid very well) was assigned to me as a guide. He took me first to the crypt below the church. Here, enclosed by the gray foundation walls, was the department called: History of Popery and the Inquisition.

"We know that your stories to your capitalistic newspaper will not be fair," he said grimly. "But I have been instructed to show you everything. Our government is not afraid to let history speak for itself."

I replied, "Thank you for your kindness." And though my job was to be a newspaper reporter on an assignment, I couldn't quite control the irony in my voice. He paid no attention.

Suddenly, at the bottom of the stairs, I stopped. I was looking di-

rectly at a large statue of St. Peter. In the harsh light of overhead bulbs, it stood at the center of the vast beamed subterranean hall.

I had seen the original of this copy in Rome, the famous Black St. Peter. Here is how the communists described it: "This is St. Peter, the so-called founder of the Church of Rome, portrayed in the image of Jupiter, the protector of the city. He is alleged to have received the mythical keys of the Church from Jesus Christ. Catholic pilgrims still kiss the bronzed feet of this statue on their visits to Rome."

All around the crypt, on walls and pillars, were pictures which continued the story begun at the statue. One drawn in crayon, dated 1858, showed a young girl pining away within eerie cloister walls. It was titled *The Nun Who Does Not Want to Stay*. Alongside that was an Italian oil painting dating from the 17th century, *The Disciples at Emmaus*. In it, several men clad in bright red, blue, and gold gowns were at a table in a realistically portrayed tavern of that period. It was meant to show the worldliness of Christianity and its founders. Everywhere, the pictures tried to prove to the sight-seers that the Church is far from divine.

When we climbed back upstairs, I saw that nothing was left but the arches and high-domed ceiling to show that the cathedral was originally designed as a place of wor-

ship. A hodge-podge of showcases, posters, bookshelves, and lurid cartoons literally covered the interior.

A picture of Crusaders in full battle garb, *The Pope's Wolfish Pilgragers*, gave the theme of the display: the Catholic Church is a greedy monster. Farther along came the explanation that the monasteries were filled with "Romish exploiters," the monks, who were really the gendarmes of the Papacy. Cardinals were pictured as grasping monkeys; priests were shown leading troops against the workers. And one very large oil painting pictured the Pope wearing a wolf's mask while he steered the ship of the Church. The placard explained that the wolf is a symbol of greed.

In one corner, a mass of colorful posters added a contemporary touch. They attacked the "warmongers," who, a sign said, "are in the Church in every capitalist country in the world."

One bright red-and-black poster showed a church built of hand grenades, with a priest squatting on top of the heap. Another had a Madonna and Child with a halo of bombers. Many others showed priests in various warlike attitudes. Some rode tanks, some carried crosses behind rows of guns, and some were busy blessing guns or lighting fuses of cannons.

All the exhibits were designed to demonstrate in one way or another that in the capitalist countries the Church is a powerful dictator,

grinding down the poor. The poor are forced to bear their poverty as a gift of God. Even an illiterate person couldn't miss this idea. If the visitor does read, the little signs spell out the message for him.

Some exhibits aim at groups within the Church. I spent a few minutes examining, for instance, a realistic wax museum. It contained a dungeon of the Inquisition with copies of medieval instruments of torture being operated by figures dressed as Dominicans. A wall near by was devoted to the Jesuits. There, in bold letters was the old lying motto "the end justifies the means," to describe the methods of St. Ignatius of Loyola and his followers.

The whole Museum of Atheism, as it is ordinarily called, is under control of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and is supposedly a serious historical exhibit. My guide finally asked what I thought of this display of the history of religion

in the social development of the world.

"Very interesting," I replied, "but isn't the Catholic part rather heavily emphasized?"

He immediately began to apologize by saying that when all the divisions were completed, the Orthodox, the Greek, the Egyptian, and the Islamic sections would get careful attention. Obviously he was only saying, though, that the communists' most important target in their struggle against religion is the Catholic Church.

As I was leaving this once beautiful cathedral, once a house of prayer but now a house of hate, I saw a drably dressed, sturdy peasant woman pause. It was at a spot where a holy-water font had obviously been ripped out.

Quickly, but with no attempt at secrecy, she touched her forehead, her lips, her breast. She was making the threefold Orthodox Sign of the Cross!



REVISED HABIT

I served in the WAVES during the last war, and was fortunate enough to get leave right after I had finished boot training. I had to change planes at Washington, D.C., in the midst of a heavy downpour. Alas! my rain cape was packed in a bag that had been checked through, so I hastily threw a scarf over my military cap. I thought the effect faintly suggested the Foreign Legion.

I noticed that an old lady had been staring at me intently for quite a time. Just then, my eyes met hers, and I gave her a nervous little smile. At that she spoke. "I was just thinking, my dear, how modern-looking you nuns are getting to be."

Mary Ann Peterson.

General Gruenther's Newest Command

*A master strategist attacks a
fresh set of problems*

GENERAL ALFRED GRUENTHER talked with me in his comfortable but unpretentious office on the 2nd floor of the Red Cross building, on 17th St. in Washington, D.C. The former NATO commander was in his fourth month as president of the American Red Cross. He sat in a swivel chair, between furled flags of the Red Cross and the U. S.

Gruenther is surprisingly small (five feet, seven) but after the first moment, you forget his physical stature. He is a trim, slender man, with a vigorous, commanding manner. He is bald, except for a few strands of brown hair brushed sternly back. His face is narrow and bony, his nose long and sharp. His lips are thin, his eyes deep-set.

He speaks crisply, but pleasantly. He met me with an outstretched hand and a broad smile. He is the kind of man you like and respect instantly.

His staff says that he has made



things hum at the Red Cross. "He might have come in and taken it easy," I was told. "Many men take jobs like this that way. The posts are considered an honor, primarily. They go to men who already have distinguished themselves and are expected to lend little more than a respected name. Such persons let their executives run the organization.

"But not Gruenther. He has made it his business to learn about every phase of our operations. He has conferred with heads of every department, and he has flown to disaster areas to see firsthand what we do there."

"What about the Gruenthergrams?" I asked. I referred to the famous memos that the general used to write when he was in the European theater. He always car-

*2400 N. Eddy Road, Notre Dame, Ind. July 13, 1957. © 1957 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

ried with him a small pad, and whenever an idea came to him he jotted it down. Usually it was a directive for new action. Sometimes it was a request for more information.

"The Gruenthergrams are still being written," Harry Martin, former Memphis newspaperman, now Red Cross information director, told me. He showed me one on his desk. I had expected to see a scribbled note, but instead found the writing clear and neat. It was characteristic of the man.

Characteristic, too, was the way that Gruenther went after the attacks on the Red Cross which fund solicitors always hear about, and which are almost always relayed by GI's.

"GI gripes are to be expected," said Gruenther. "We have a civilian army, and few young men enter the service happily. They would rather be home, at school, or on a job. They are in the service only because they have to be. They gripe. And they pass on complaints they've heard about the Red Cross.

"Sometimes these complaints are justified. GI's have said, for instance, that Red Cross girls go out with officers more than with enlisted men. I think that's true, and though I don't justify it, I can understand how it happens. They also have said (you've heard this one) that while the Salvation army gave cigarettes away, the Red Cross sold them."

General Gruenther said that he

made this charge the basis of a major investigation during the last war. He found that there was a post exchange in England where, because of complaints from tobacco shops in the vicinity, cigarettes were sold at a nominal price. This will never happen again, he said, no matter what the circumstances may be.

The general swung around to his desk and pushed the intercom button. "Mrs. Stowe, bring me that letter I wrote to the woman about the sweater," he asked.

Gruenther had received a letter from a Red Cross campaign worker in Westmont, Ill. She had run across complaints. She told about the charges that the Red Cross had sold cigarettes to men at the front. She also reported that a veteran of the 2nd World War told her that when he was wounded, a Red Cross worker had picked him up, bandaged his wounds, and given him a warm sweater. However, the cost of the sweater had been deducted from his next army pay check.

"That's her letter. Now here's mine," said Gruenther. He read a three-page single-spaced typewritten reply. Gruenther had asked her to get the soldier to report to him directly, telling where and when the incident had taken place and other details that would enable him to check the story.

"Such a deduction from a pay check would be unauthorized and sounds impossible," said Gruenther,

"but I want to track down every one of these charges.

"Sometimes stories like that result from a grudge. For instance, a young fellow says he wants a furlough because his mother is seriously ill. He isn't pleased when the Red Cross investigates and reports that the mother is perfectly well."

To enable service officers and men to understand and appreciate the Red Cross, Gruenther had called on an old friend, Maj. Gen. Wayne Clifton Zimmerman, now retired, to make recommendations.

"He's a good man for the job," said Gruenther. "He was inspector general in the service. He looked into complaints, talking directly with enlisted men."

The American Red Cross, now 75 years old, gets its basic authority from a Congressional charter. It was originally an organization to aid sick and wounded soldiers. The needs of servicemen and their families are still a primary obligation, though disaster programs now take more time and money. Red Cross general funds are now at the lowest level since the 2nd World War, because of unusually heavy disaster costs encountered during the last several years.

In 1955-56, the disaster reserve was \$4 million. Relief costs in that period were more than \$33 million, because of 290 disaster-relief operations. One, the eastern floods in August, 1955, cost \$18 million. To make matters worse, the fund drive

last March failed to reach its goal of \$95 million.

"I know that one of our main troubles is the failure to inform the American people fully about the Red Cross," the general declared. "People know what we do in war, at least in part. They don't know what we do in peace. True, they know something about our activities when a disaster occurs, but not about what we do in the long rehabilitation periods which follow. They know even less about our normal day-to-day work."

The general pointed out that the Hungarian refugee-relief program was an example of the benefits of wide publicity. The work of the Red Cross in that undertaking was well known. The freedom fighters aroused our interest. The campaign to aid them was oversubscribed. The American Red Cross carried the burden, said Gruenther, but it acted, as in other international programs, through some of the other 70 Red Cross societies.

"I have heard that one of your sons benefited from a Red Cross program," I remarked.

"Yes," said Gruenther, "that was Richard. He was wounded in the lung and liver while fighting in Korea. Red Cross plasma and blood saved his life."

Richard, now a paratrooper and married to a Red Cross worker he met in Korea, is stationed in Germany. An older son, Donald, is an army major in Texas.

General Gruenther was born 58 years ago in Platte Center, Neb., a settlement of 500 people. His father, Christian M. Gruenther, the son of Bavarian immigrants, was editor of a weekly newspaper, the *Platte County Signal*. His mother, born Mary Shea, was a schoolteacher. Christian Gruenther served as clerk of the district court, and was active in politics. He was Nebraska manager of William Jennings Bryan's campaigns for President.

Alfred attended St. Thomas Military academy in St. Paul. He entered West Point in June, 1917, and because of the accelerated war-time program, finished the normal four-year course in 17 months. He was graduated Nov. 1, 1918, ranking 4th in a class of 277.

"Our class had no doubt that we won the war," said the general. "The Kaiser heard that 277 fresh young lieutenants had been graduated, and 11 days later he gave up."

Gruenther's first tour of duty was at Fort Knox, Ky. He taught classes in military law, electronics, and hygiene. He was barely 20; many of the men in his classes were twice as old. He studied hard and long.

"When I went in to dinner," Gruenther relates, "I used to see other officers sitting around playing bridge. I didn't tell them they were wasting their time, but that is what I thought. One night I was invited to dinner at my commanding officer's. After dinner, they all sat down to play bridge. I said I didn't

know how. My commander was appalled. I went right home that night and began to study the game."

Gruenther didn't say so, but he is now one of the world's best bridge players, though he says that President Eisenhower usually beats him. Throughout the 20's and 30's, he refereed championship matches in New York.

While at Fort Knox, Gruenther married Grace Elizabeth Crum, a secretary. During his years at Fort Knox and later at West Point, Gruenther rose slowly in the army. In 1935, 17 years after his graduation, he was only a captain.

However, when the 2nd World War came, promotion was rapid. Gruenther was promoted to major general in 1939. In 1942, he was Eisenhower's deputy chief of staff, planning the North African invasion. From 1943 to the end of the war, he was chief of staff to Gen. Mark Clark, commander of the 5th Army in North Africa and Italy. While Clark's aide in occupied Vienna in 1945, Gruenther had his first brushes with the Soviet high command.

Gruenther was never one to take any nonsense from the Russians. This fact was recognized in his service under Gen. Matthew Ridgway in NATO, and when he himself became the commander of the North Atlantic Treaty organization. In that position, he had charge of an Allied force from 14 countries, stretching in a 4,000-mile arc across

Europe from Norway to Turkey.

"The Russians have not changed fundamentally in their attitude on basic issues, such as religion and the dignity of the individual," Gruenther says. "They still seek the same end, world domination. We are two different civilizations, with differing intellectual and spiritual concepts. Negotiate, yes; but always with our eyes open."

Gruenther stressed the necessity of Americans' knowing the importance of unity among the Allies, and appreciating the part played by NATO.

"We must have adequate forces, not only to prevent aggression, but also to give our political leaders a basis for negotiation with the Soviet Union," he said. "The Soviets are having internal difficulties, because their production schedule and standard of living have not increased.

"This cold war will be won by the side that has the stoutest hearts, that has the endurance, whose people understand what is at stake and have the perseverance to last out a long conflict.

"We are in this alliance because our security and that of the free world are linked together, because that is the only way we can defend the United States of America. NATO is not something foreign to us. It is not something established to aid Europe alone. It is our front line of defense, our means of maintaining peace."

Gruenther keeps alert to events.

On the way to the office, he reads the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and the *Washington Post*. On his way home, he reads two more newspapers, articles from a dozen magazines that he gets each week, and books on history and government. On a table behind his desk were a copy of the *London Economist* and a current book, *100 Hours to Suez*.

The general referred to Russia's Marshal Ivan Konev, whom he knew in Vienna. "I saw him two or three times a week," Gruenther said. "We became good friends. Now, that fellow was for something. He believed in the Soviet communist system with all his heart. Basically, his doctrine was this: the state is the supreme agency; it knows best what to do for members of the state. Freedom is contrary to that objective, and therefore the individuals have to suffer a loss of freedom. The state will see to it that they are healthy and that they get the right amount of food, recreation, education, and culture.

"What this man believes is not right. We know that. But do we know what we believe in? Do we know what we are for, not just what we are against? I seldom see a soldier who says, 'I am going out to fight for freedom.' He says, 'Damn anybody who tries to interfere with my freedom; anybody who does is in for trouble, especially'—Gruenther grinned—"if he's a general.'"

"Frankly, I don't know the answer to this problem," he added, "but I do know that we must build up a positive attitude toward our fundamental freedoms. We need a deep faith."

I glanced at my watch. Harry Martin had arranged for me to talk with General Gruenther for half an hour. I had already been there an hour. I had taken even more time than Craig Thomas, an 11-year-old 6th grader from Syracuse, N. Y., who had visited with the general a few afternoons previously.

Craig, who has cerebral palsy, had been corresponding with the general for four years. The correspondence began when Craig, who collects autographs, wrote to General Gruenther when he was NATO commander in Paris. The invitation to Red Cross headquarters came when the general learned that the boy would be in near-by Baltimore for medical treatment.

I was told that Gruenther talked with the youngster about air travel, President Eisenhower's bridge, the boy's school.

"How many are four times five and a half?" Gruenther had asked at one point.

Craig pondered. "About 20," he said.

"You'll have to do better than that," said Gruenther. "It's not 'about 20.' It's 22. Don't guess, my boy. Be right."

Craig will probably never forget that advice. He left with a Red Cross badge pinned to his collar by the general.

As I rose to leave, I nodded toward the front windows. "When are we going to see you over there?" I asked. The White House is only three blocks away.

Gruenther smiled. "I've heard those stories, too," he said, "but there's nothing to them. I've got a job to do right here."



PLAYMATES

A little girl in dungarees entered a pet shop. As she glanced eagerly around, the proprietor came over to her. "I'll bet it's a dog you're looking for," he said with a smile.

"Yes," the little girl replied. "My mother told me you had a puppy with a lame leg. Can I buy it, mister?" She dug into her pocket and brought out a handful of change. "I got almost a dollar."

The proprietor didn't know quite what to say. "Oh, I don't think you'd want a pup with a bad leg," he replied. "You want one that can romp with you. This one can't even walk very well."

"But that's all right, mister," replied the little girl, pulling up one leg of her dungarees so that her brace was visible. "I don't walk so good either."

Frances Benson.

Man's Unwelcome Guest

Civilization, not the game laws, has made the rat a 'protected' creature



THE RAT IS the most important four-legged foe of modern man. He is a 12-ounce engine of destruction with built-in disease-carrying features, who easily surpasses all the others in numbers, cost, and menace.

He has had a very brief career as a major villain, for rats were rare in ancient cities. Not until late in the 12th century did any writer make a clear reference to the rat.

Theory has it that wild Arabian desert rats found out they could fare better in villages than among sand dunes. So they moved to town, became dependent on mankind, and gradually spread into densely settled areas. If this view is correct, they were numerous but not especially important at the time of the Crusades. When Christian warriors returned to Europe, African rats stowed away on their ships, and established outposts in the new land.

Europe was overrun. Damage to food and other commodities spread at an alarming rate. People did not realize that the rat's role as a vandal is the smallest part of its men-

ace. Plague is transmitted to man by fleas from rats. In the five or six generations before Columbus' voyage, more than 34 million people died of it. Europe's population was reduced by one-fourth.

Many persons regard the rat-borne disease as "medieval," of historical interest only. It is true that there have been no major epidemics in the western hemisphere in nearly three centuries. Health authorities have checked it quickly in each U.S. outbreak: San Francisco, 1907; New Orleans, 1914; Galveston, 1920.

Doctors of India, lacking money and equipment, have not matched that record. In the 25 years after 1898, plague killed as many natives of India as there are people in Chicago, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Dallas, Miami, and Los Angeles. In less than ten centuries diseases involv-

*Central Park West at 79th St., New York City 24, January, 1957. © 1957 by the American Museum of Natural History, and reprinted with permission.

ing rats as agents have taken more human lives than all the wars and revolutions ever fought.

Rats are now firmly entrenched in regions that make up about half of the world's land surface. No other mammal except man holds equal territory. The rats of the world probably outnumber their hosts; if so, they are the most numerous mammals on earth.

Willingness to eat just about anything has been a major factor in the rat's world conquest. Adult rats eat about 50 pounds of food a year. Their menu: almost anything they can cut. They have been known to gorge on paint, shoe leather, soap, and rubber insulation from electric wires. Enterprising colonies have cut into the bellies of swine, dug turnips from the ground, even feasted on the toenails of sleeping elephants.

No one knows how many rats there are in the world. For the U.S. alone, they are estimated at 175 million, give or take a few million. This estimate rests on data from many campaigns. In Baltimore, one year of activity by civic forces led to some 460,000 rat casualties. U.S. Department of Agriculture workers killed 7½ million in a three-state operation; it took 400,000 traps, carloads of poisoned grain, and about a million pounds of poisoned sausages.

According to the best guess of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife service, direct rat damage in this country costs

\$200 million a year. World totals soar far into the billions; precisely how far, there is no way to determine.

Part of the wholesale destruction rests on a biological base. The incisor teeth of the rat keep growing throughout the animal's life, about four inches a year. Obviously, if the rodent didn't work constantly at wearing down his teeth, they would soon become so long that he would have to go around with his mouth permanently propped open.

This factor may account, at least in part, for the lifelong gnawing and chewing. The typical rat uses his teeth at least half his waking hours. When he isn't actually eating, he's ripping and cutting, sometimes, it seems, for the sheer fun of it.

Given a few hours in a warehouse, a single rat may tear holes in dozens of sacks of flour, grain, feed, coffee, or even fertilizer. Instead of dining on two whole potatoes or apples, a hungry fellow is likely to take random bites from a score of them. Rats have slaughtered as many as 1500 baby chicks and 325 broilers in a single foray.

The cutting edges of rat teeth are extremely hard. For no known reason rats sometimes gnaw through lead pipes. Laboratory albino rats, weaklings compared with their wild cousins, cut through two inches of foam glass in an eight-night test. Two nights fewer were required to gnaw a hole in an aluminum sheet a full half-inch thick. Wild rats

have been known to cut through four inches of old concrete. They have gnawed holes in dams and started floods, and once threw much of New York into darkness by stripping insulation from wires and thereby causing a major short-circuit.

Rats steal small objects and carry them to the nest. Exterminators digging into dens under a tenement found keys, coins, a belt buckle, a lipstick tube, a shoehorn. Matches are often scattered through such piles of loot. Rats start fires both by cutting insulation from wiring and by accidentally striking matches.

Perhaps the most fantastic rat story is the one that explains the way they steal eggs. Though some scoff at it, the tale has been current since the 13th century. According to the story, rats organize to rob a nest or crate. One grabs an egg in his forepaws and rolls over on his back; another then catches his tail and drags him to their den. Whether that account is accurate or not, rats do somehow move eggs considerable distances and over obstacles. Eggs disappeared from one hatchery at the rate of 80 dozen a week. An assault on the dens of the rats revealed many eggs stockpiled in underground storerooms.

Rats will be with man for a long time. The rodent is fortified with a biological heritage that enables him to overcome almost any partial victory by his two-legged opponents. Under ideal conditions, one female can produce ten litters in a year,

ECCLESIASTICAL PIED PIPER

One of the most unusual pastoral letters in the history of the Church, on rats and their extermination, was issued in 1953 by Bishop Gerard Mongeau, O.M.I., of Cotabato, Philippines. Cotabato province had for two years been infested with rats, which had destroyed nearly 70% of the rice and corn crops. Farmers, in the superstitious belief that the plague was a chastisement from God, were not cooperating in the government fight, and the bishop told them it was both a crime and a grave sin to believe it wrong to kill the rats.

each with about ten young. Potentially, one pair can have 350 million descendants in three years. Professional exterminators seldom kill more than 95% of the rats in a region. The survivors can quickly bring the population back to old levels.

Nature offers no rat cafeterias to compare with the bakery, poultry shop, stable, distillery, feed mill, warehouse, food store, wharf, slaughterhouse, sewer, garbage dump, or even a home where food is constantly on hand. Nor does nature provide spacious shelters from which hereditary enemies are banished. Ferrets, weasels, and skunks consider the rat a choice tidbit, but neither householders nor business-

men encourage such rat killers to hang around. Nor does man welcome his other allies in the rat war: snakes, owls, storks, herons, eagles, and vultures.

In effect, man has built special rat havens, which he calls cities and farms. He stocks them with abundant food, which is on hand in all weather. To overcome such a well-

sheltered enemy, it would be necessary to make a major change in some aspect of the man-rat complex. Thus far, only one really effective idea has been suggested: man should put the rat on his menu as a delicacy. Failing this or an equally radical change, it appears likely that "cousin rat" will continue to be man's guest for a long, long time.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

More than half the words in English come directly or indirectly from Latin. Even if you never studied Latin, you can still master a good number of words that Latin has given to English simply by knowing certain Latin word roots. The Latin *Facere*, for example, means to do, to make. Of the many words built from this root (*fac*, *fact*), only a dozen are listed below.

The words in Column A all have something to do with "do" or "make." Try to match Column A with Column B.

Column A

1. *factor*
2. *benefactor*
3. *malefactor*
4. *factotum*
5. *manufacture*
6. *factitious*
7. *artifact*
8. *olfactory*
9. *facile*
10. *liquefaction*
11. *putrefaction*
12. *facsimile*

Column B

- a) A person hired to do all kinds of work.
- b) One who does good to another; a patron.
- c) One who does evil; a criminal.
- d) Pertaining to the sense of smell; "to make out odor."
- e) An exact copy; "made the same."
- f) The changing of a solid or a gas into a liquid.
- g) Any object made by human work, especially primitive works.
- h) The making of goods, especially by machinery.
- i) Element that makes a thing what it is; a person who does business for another.
- j) Easy to do, moving or working easily and quickly.
- k) Not natural; sham.
- l) The decomposition of matter; "making" rotten.

(Answers on page 82.)

The New Look in U. S. Cities

*The 'strip' pattern of urban growth is
closing the gaps between large communities*

PICTURE A CITY 1,500 miles long, snaking its way across the face of the U. S. from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, Mo.

Experts tell us that such a supercity will be in existence by 1975. In fact, those who make it their business to chart our nation's growth say that the U. S. is to become a country of "strip" cities, some of them, like this one, hundreds of miles long. The majority of our population will be concentrated in the strips. Outside the strips, the wide-open spaces of today will remain largely unchanged.

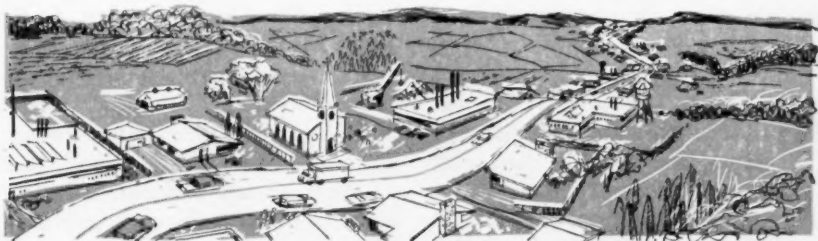
This new pattern of urban growth is now being shaped by several forces. Industry must have large tracts of land for its modern, sprawl-

ing one-story factories and big parking lots. In locating big acreages, it's cheaper to leapfrog operations away from the city, over the old suburbs, into the open spaces between cities.

The new plant sites are dependent on modern superhighways to speed employes to and from work and to carry the trucks that haul in raw materials and transport finished products to the market place.

People like the new way of life. They no longer need to live in the shadows of factory smokestacks and office buildings. With the mobility offered by the automobile and superhighway they can live 20, 30, 40 or more miles from their work in communities of their own choosing.

The new growth for the most



*24th and N Sts., N.W., Washington 7, D. C. April 5, 1957. © 1957 by United States News Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

part must concentrate in sections where population already is fairly dense; these areas provide the labor supply and lucrative markets that nourish business.

The key to the new pattern is the \$50-billion program for national highway construction, just now getting under way. The new network of highways, linking as it does the large centers of population, will follow in general the routes already outlined by railroads and waterways. It will, however, open up for business expansion vast, new areas between the big cities. Thus, say the planners, there is to be a strip development filling in the open spaces between cities.

Already, one such urban belt of dense population is to be found along the North Atlantic coast, stretching 450 miles from Washington, D. C., to Boston.

Other strips now formed, or rapidly taking shape, are the "steel belt" running from Pittsburgh to Cleveland; Chicago's "industrial Riviera," bordering Lake Michigan from Gary, Ind., to Milwaukee; the "recreation and retirement belt" in Florida, shooting northward along the coast from Miami; the ever-lengthening sprawl of Los Angeles in southern California and San Francisco in northern California; the Puget Sound strip embracing Seattle and Tacoma.

Sections of that 1,500-mile city predicted for 1975 have already begun to take shape. A section from

Washington, D. C., to New York will be an urban belt already formed, taking in Baltimore and Philadelphia and the smaller cities in between. From New York, this city will be shaped by leapfrogging expansion, filling in the spaces between today's metropolitan areas.

Already, a leg of the 1,500-mile city is creeping up the Hudson river to the metropolitan triangle formed by Albany, Schenectady, and Troy at the elbow of the New York thruway. From this point, it will turn westward to roll along the thruway to Buffalo, picking up Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester on the way. Then, turning southward along the shore of Lake Erie, it will pass through Erie, in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania, and join with Cleveland.

From Cleveland, the westward path of the strip will probably be through Lorain and Sandusky to Toledo, a metropolis that already is reaching northward to link eventually with the southward expansion of Detroit.

From Detroit, the supercity will sweep across Michigan in a wide band, pulling in Ann Arbor, Jackson, Lansing, Kalamazoo and then Gary, Ind., which will long since have merged with Chicago. The final leg will be a band rolling down the Illinois river valley from Chicago, all the way to St. Louis, embracing Peoria, Bloomington, and Springfield.

In California, a section of the

country where population growth is described as "explosive," the planners see another strip city taking shape. The Los Angeles area was the first in the nation to exploit the mobility of the truck and auto by providing a pattern of express highways. Los Angeles today is a strip city in its own right. Marching south through Santa Ana, it is well on the way to joining with San Diego on the border of Mexico.

The Los Angeles sprawl seems certain to extend to the north until, eventually, it connects somewhere in the San Joaquin valley with the eastward movement from San Francisco and the Bay area. This movement undoubtedly will be spurred by completion of an express highway, now on drawing boards, between Los Angeles and Sacramento, running through Bakersfield, Tulare, Fresno, Madera, Merced, Modesto, and Stockton.

In Texas, you find population growth beginning to march across even the wide-open spaces. The cities of Dallas and Fort Worth, now grown completely together, are getting ready to push off across the Texas prairies. The route appears to be well marked in one direction—to the southwest through Waco, Temple, and Austin, to join up with San Antonio. It is possible, too, that the Dallas-Fort Worth growth will shoot off in the direction of Houston-Galveston, an existing strip city extending 40 to 50 miles to the Gulf of Mexico.

In Florida, the Miami strip may well march northward to Jacksonville, with very few breaks. On the west coast of the Sunshine state, a strip from the Tampa-St. Petersburg area down through Sarasota already is well defined and is pushing southward toward Fort Myers. Spanning the state from east to west there will probably be a belt from Tampa-St. Petersburg through Lakeland and Orlando to Daytona Beach.

Other strip cities are forming as offshoots to the 1,500 mile city stretching from Northeast to Midwest. The "steel belt" from Cleveland through Youngstown to Pittsburgh is one. Toledo is expanding south toward Lima, Ohio, on a route that will eventually hook up with the urban belt from Cincinnati to Dayton. In Michigan, Detroit planners say, a major belt is filling in between Detroit and Flint and heading off in the direction of the Bay City-Saginaw-Midland triangle.

The Milwaukee-Chicago-Gary strip is seen reaching out at the east to South Bend, Ind., and at the north to march along the Wisconsin shore of Lake Michigan toward Port Washington, Sheboygan, and Manitowoc. The twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, may one day join up with Minnesota's third-largest city, Duluth.

In the Mountain states, the wide-open spaces are expected to stay that way, but strip developments are charted in Colorado from Den-

ver to Pueblo, and in Utah from Salt Lake City to Ogden.

The Northwest's urban belts, Portland in Oregon and Seattle-Tacoma in Washington, are to be joined in the future by a modern expressway that will offer a convenient route for expansion.

In the South, outside of Florida, there are important regions of potential strip development. One extends through the Piedmont area from Atlanta, Ga., to Durham-Raleigh, N. C. The other is cradled in mountain valleys stretching from Birmingham, Ala., north and east through Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tenn. Others in the South are Mobile-Tallahassee and New Orleans-Baton Rouge.

Outside the strip cities, growth will be much, much slower. This trend is already at work. Since 1950, according to official census figures, population in the U. S. has increased by 15.6 million people. Of this increase, 13 million was added in the metropolitan areas, leaving a growth of only 2.6 million in the smaller cities, towns, villages, and farm areas.

Many little towns outside the path of the strip developments face the prospect of drying up. Some small cities probably will lose population or hold about steady. The downward trend in the nation's farm population indicates that many rural areas will have fewer inhabitants to the square mile.

Land booms reminiscent of those

in the 19th century, when railroads and canals first opened the U. S. for expansion, already are under way in regions that have felt the impact of the new pattern of growth. In New York State, for example, the opening of the 427-mile thruway from New York City to Buffalo is recalling the early days of the Erie canal. In the boom that followed the opening of the canal, a new transportation artery to the West, land values rose \$100 million.

Today, all along the New York thruway, land values are skyrocketing. Tracts near Syracuse that brought \$750 an acre in 1951 now bring \$8,000, or more, per acre. Near Buffalo, the acre price has risen from \$500 to \$5,000.

Along Massachusetts Highway 128, a 60-mile expressway that circles Boston and runs on up to Gloucester, there has been more than \$100 million of industrial construction in the last five years. Land that sold for \$50 to \$100 an acre before the route was built now goes for sums ranging from \$5,000 to \$10,000 an acre.

"Industrial parks" are springing up along the new expressways. These are large tracts of land developed by real-estate and construction firms, often with the backing of investment agencies, to accommodate the sprawling factories.

Typical of these developments is Fair Lawn Industrial Park, near Paterson, N. J. Serviced by both

expressway and railroad, it is the site for the "automated" plants of several firms, such as a cookie manufacturer, a camera company, a pump manufacturer, a specialty steel plant, and two book-publishing companies.

Planners point out that the new strip pattern of metropolitan growth is not to be confused with the type of development that is seen along many of the first superhighways. The fact is that highway engineers have drawn lessons from experience with the older highways.

In the Los Angeles area, for instance, it is felt that many expressways have not accomplished their purpose because traffic congestion from the areas that have built up along them is forcing business, industry, and people to other areas. The remedy, say highway engineers, is limited access to the expressways, that is, traffic entering or leaving only at interchanges spaced many miles apart.

By contrast with the older expressways, with their strip development running right alongside the highways, the modern expressways generate what the planners call "nucleated" development: growth at the interchanges shooting off at right angles to the highway along the service and feeder roads.

This new type of development is satisfying to planners because it provides areas of green: parks, recreation areas, some farmland. It leaves room for people to enjoy themselves in the urbanized strips instead of being engulfed in the kind of congestion that drove them away from the cities in the first place.

The emerging picture of strip cities across the face of the land does not mean that the big central cities are to dry up. Far from it. Many of the big cities are alive with expansion. Chicago, for example, is having the greatest growth in its history. Eight major office buildings are now being built. It is estimated that population of the Chicago metropolitan area will have increased by 1 million from 1955 to 1960.

Urban renewal is remaking the faces of many cities. In Detroit, many new facilities are going up in the downtown area: a new city-county hall, an auditorium, a convention hall, a new hotel. Similar face lifting is going on in Denver, Fort Worth, Portland, New York, Boston, and many other cities.

But the really explosive growth of this country, most experts agree, is to come outside today's big cities, bringing broad changes in the nation's way of living.



In most cases, when a man sticks his neck out he begins the process by opening his mouth. Hal Chadwick.

Red Carpet for Oldsters

Security, independence, and usefulness for our senior citizens are goals of today's "new look" in care of the aged throughout America. Public and private institutions and homes operated by various religious denominations are ridding themselves of the rocking-chair-in-a-dark-corner attitude. They are now replacing the gloomy over-the-hill concept with modern facilities featuring TV, occupational therapy, social activities, and, particularly, maintenance of individuality.

St. Patrick's Home for the Aged and Infirm in New York City is typical of the progressive manner adopted toward aging citizens, members of a mushrooming over-65 army estimated at 11 million.

The new idea in institutions for senior citizens is nowhere emphasized more clearly than at St. Patrick's Home for the Aged and Infirm, New York.







Sparkling dining rooms make meals a convivial part of the day. Dress is a matter of taste.

Mother M. Angeline Teresa founded St. Patrick's nearly 25 years ago on the premise that her guests were entitled to love and respect as well as mere food and shelter. Accordingly, the glistening halls, bright sitting rooms, and dining area with its snowy cloths and shining silverware are reminiscent of the cozy quality of former homes of the 150 residents who spend their sunset years amid the cheerful surroundings of St. Patrick's.

The guests of the home range in age from 65 years to 98, with the average now 79, whereas a quarter of a century ago it was 69. The advancing age level, symptomatic of

the problem in geriatrics facing America, constantly calls for more around-the-clock care for the less active.

Those not bedridden come and go as they please, visit and have visitors at will. Some of their number write and edit the home newspaper; many are avid TV fans, most having small sets in their private rooms, in addition to the larger ones in the various sitting areas.

A birthday party is arranged once a month for all who have marked another year, and few are the evenings when harmonizers fail to gather around one of the pianos to sing "the good old songs." There



Parties, games, television, and, of course, community sings, provide evening entertainment.

are card parties, bingo games, and dancing, as well as professional training in weaving, painting, ceramics, and needlecrafts.

Manner of dress is never dictated. Those ladies who would not dream of dining out without hats wear them at dinner. Some of the men don jackets, others confine themselves to sports shirts. Another instance of individuality preserved.

Those who like a glass of beer with a summer meal may have it. There are even cocktails for special occasions. Home authorities reason that since their guests were accustomed to these in their younger days there is no reason for them to

be deprived of an occasional drink now. And for those who like between-meal snacks, there are small kitchens on each floor.

Those with a flare for interior decoration are given free rein in the exercise of this talent when it comes to arranging their own rooms. Chipper (21-Plus) Maudie Daxon is a prime example. She made her bedspread, upholstered a chaise longue, repainted her room, and even topped it off with a flowered border at the ceiling.

"Didn't even use a stepladder!" says Maudie proudly. "I stood on a chair, and didn't let anybody into the room until it was finished."

One of the revolutionary ideas of St. Patrick's founder was the beauty parlor established at the home because, said Mother Teresa, morale of the guests would be heightened if they were encouraged to take pride in their appearance.

When they themselves were younger, a number of the guests at St. Patrick's devoted years to caring for others. Miss Hannah Carlin, now a genial 82, is an example.

"I was a graduate nurse from Buffalo and did a great deal of social work," she says. "Thirteen years with the New York Foundling hospital, for instance.

"It's hard for some people who are not familiar with social work to realize how nice places like this can

be. It's so open, so friendly, and they take wonderful care of you."

"I was a gripman on the cable cars before the turn of the century," recalls 79-year-old John F. Collins, "and we used to complain about the traffic then. But I'll say we made better time then than we do now.

"Am I glad to find a place like this at the end of the line? I certainly am. It's wonderful—wonderful!"

As for loneliness, that question is best answered by the story of the woman guest who had accepted an invitation to visit her married son and his family of several small children for a week.

"Never again," she exclaimed fervently on returning to St. Patrick's. "It's good to get home!"

Photos: New York Sunday Mirror Magazine

Guests may take professional training in weaving, painting, needlecraft, ceramics, and decorate their rooms to their own taste. They also edit the home paper.





St. Patrick's even boasts a beauty parlor. Interest in appearance heightens morale.



Expert medical care is available. Average age of the 150 guests is 79, although the range is between 65 and 98.

By Thomas J. M. Burke, S.J.
*Condensed from "Beyond All Horizons:
Jesuits and the Missions"**

Mission Work Can Be Unusual

*Apostolic Jesuits beg and build and study
and pray in extraordinary ways and places*

MISSIONERS ALL HAVE the same purpose of bringing the Gospel to those who have not heard it, but they certainly do not all have the same methods. Their activities are bewilderingly varied.

In Ceylon, for instance, the mission superior is gentle-voiced John Lange. His hair has long since thinned to invisibility. The tropical sun has tanned his skin to a leathery brown.

He is a scholar, with a reputation among the learned as an authority on the Tamil language and literature. Somebody once came into a room where he was slowly typing, and twitted him about his awkwardness—until discovering that the typewriter was a Tamil machine and that Father Lange was composing an article for a scholarly periodical in Colombo.

Words fascinate Father Lange, and he uses them with great respect. His vocabulary is vast and precise.

But this cultured gentleman does not hesitate to put aside erudite

pursuits when necessary. St. Joseph's college in Trincomalee was for years housed in a group of buildings which hardly deserved the name. The problem, as is so usual in the missions, was financial. So Father Lange put aside his books and became a laborer.

He sees nothing incongruous in manual labor. A building is needed to make Christ known and loved among the young men in Trincomalee, so why should the mere fact of a scholarly reputation stand in its way? Isn't that why John Lange went to Ceylon in the first place?

Other circumstances call for other talents. Pedro Arrupe is a Basque. He is slender, and of medium height, with thinning brown hair and the slim hands usually associated with artists. He came face to face in his early teens with the hopelessness and indignity of poverty. The sight of a family of six living in a doorway touched in him a wellspring of practical sympathy which has grown ever stronger.

*A symposium edited by Father Burke. © 1957 by Thomas J. M. Burke, and reprinted with permission of Hanover House, Garden City, N.Y. 288 pp. \$3.75.

His career as a Jesuit has been extraordinary. He studied medicine in Spain, psychology in Germany under the great Dr. Behn, and was all set to work for a degree in psychiatry in the U.S. when civil war shut him out of his native Spain. So he volunteered for the Japanese mission, and was assigned to Hiroshima.

He was there on Aug. 6, 1945. While he stood amid the havoc of the world's first atom-bomb attack, he was planning the transformation of the mission house into a rough clinic for treatment of the ghastly wounds of the victims. And in the sleepless nightmare that followed, without adequate supplies, the former medical student used his skill to ease the agonies of seared bodies.

"I remember," he recalled with horror, "a girl about 20 dragging what appeared to be an old man, biting her lips so she wouldn't scream. His chest and back were one vast festering wound. And he wasn't old. Only 23. They had been married a month."

Ministration took hours—hours of smothered gasps and moans, of gentle hands forced to hurt in order to heal, of clenched teeth and fists and courage that left limp everyone concerned. Somehow the wounds were cleansed. Somehow, from some deep store of energy, the burned and battered body drew strength to hang onto life. It took eight months before the young man and his bride were able to depart.

Much has happened since then. Father Arrupe is now provincial of all the Jesuits in Japan. He is charged with directing a complex missionary endeavor involving parishes, high schools, orphanages, seminaries, and a university in Tokyo.

He still goes along quietly, unimpressed by the magnitude of the burden he bears. Somehow he finds time for an amazingly active literary career: he has translated into Japanese all the works of St. John of the Cross and the letters of St. Francis Xavier. He has written a Japanese biography of Xavier, a four-volume commentary on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, and a book on vocations for teen-agers.

He has also found time to give a long series of lectures to interested Buddhist monks. Serenely writing letters and giving talks in English, Spanish, German, and Japanese, Father Arrupe brings to everyone he meets a brief glimpse of that wonderful, lovely thing called dedication.

In Hiroshima, the people at war's end were drained of enthusiasm for life, perhaps more so than the mass of the Japanese. This spiritual desolation impressed a vigorous Belgian Jesuit, Father Earnest Goosens, when he returned after liberation from wartime imprisonment. He thought that music would be a way to restore courage and hope, and also would serve as an avenue to the rising intellectuals who are go-

ing to determine the future of the country. Father Goosens received a degree in music in New York City and then went back to start a full-fledged music school. It is along the lines of an American conservatory, and has around 500 students. The school is being overwhelmed with applications for admittance, and has received much publicity throughout Japan. It is now sending out teachers inspired by this priest with a true love of God's beauty as reflected in music.

Father James Thornton of Hsinshu in Formosa, on the other hand, is quite unlike Father Arrupe. He is much taller, and his dark hair curls crisply above his long, craggy face. His hands are large and square, and they are constantly moving, as if endowed with a life of their own. His voice is faintly hoarse, suggesting that his throat is somewhat raw. His rich brogue is so pronounced that those who know insist it tinges even his Chinese.

He, too, is gentle. But his gentleness is not so much in his actions and words as in his attitudes and thinking. And he, too, is concerned with poverty. In Hsinshu there is a long row of squatters' shacks called Thornton's Alley. Here live refugees from the mainland who have set up against the public wall partitions of packing-case lumber and cardboard.

Here Father Thornton comes daily with his big hand stretched out in friendship. He makes no

effort to set up a formal church. He has no organized charity. He brings only the example of the great, openhanded love of Christ, which insists on regarding every man, no matter how abandoned and poor, as the child of a heavenly Father.

The story of how old Ma arrived in Thornton's Alley after his flight from the Red terror in China illustrates the circumstances which drove so many to seek refuge under Father's wing. Ma and his family were sleeping peacefully one night when a loud knocking aroused him. He thought it was the communist police. It was his brother-in-law.

"The cadres," said he, "will be here in a little while. I have just accused you of being a reactionary and antirevolutionary." He paused, and added apologetically, "It was either that or lose my skin."

"It was," said Ma judiciously, "rather decent of him to warn me."

Before his bed was cool, Ma was out of there on a southbound train. He had no money, no ticket. Yet, with the aid of friends and relatives and helpful strangers, he managed to make the 500-mile trip to the coast, and into Formosa with a shipment of pigs.

He found four feet of wall in Thornton's Alley and settled down. Father Thornton arrived. He knew Ma's town. He had spent ten long, grimy months in communist jails.

Friendship led to interest in what made the Father so friendly. After

a while, sitting on Ma's bed while his friend ground pepper, the tall priest initiated the old man into the mysteries of the Catholic faith.

Only once did Ma boggle: "Love your enemies" included communists, and this was difficult. But here was the tall man with the brogue, unembittered and gentle, and Ma understood and acquiesced.

In the same half of the world lives Father Hugh Costigan, at Ponape, in the Caroline Islands. He is a big man, six feet two and muscular, whose brown hair has turned gray, whose face is so seamed by the sun, wind, and long days of toil that he looks older than his 42 years. It was while he was at Xavier High school in New York, he explains with a perfectly straight face, that he decided to become a missionary. "A boat ride did it," he says. "I developed a sudden passion for boat trips, and the longest one I could think of for which I didn't have to pay was the one from New York to Manila. So I decided to become a missionary."

This yearning for the sea has been amply satisfied. It is the only way of getting from one place to another in the Carolines. This vast mission territory presents a peculiar difficulty. The Carolines are dots of islands, scattered over a tremendous area, sparsely populated, and out of the shipping lanes. The soil is fertile, true, but it is merely soil: there are no rich mineral deposits, and about the only marketable commod-

ity is copra, the future of which, because of the growing use of chemical detergents, is not entirely unclouded. But the people are gay, simple, and entirely winning.

It is the future of the mission that has kept Hugh Costigan awake nights, and the result of his sleeplessness has been startling.

There was abundant sand. So Father contracted with the territory government to make cement blocks for government use. In exchange, the mission receives cement and a small amount of steel, saved from Japanese military installations, for its own use. This made it possible to build a permanent pier. Next came a poultry farm. Then roads were extended to fortifications the Japanese had built but never used, giving access to galvanized iron, tin, zinc, and steel which could be stockpiled for barter with other islands.

Now a cocoa plantation is coming into being, and as a result of Hugh Costigan's imagination and energy the mission is booming: boys are learning to be mechanics, carpenters, masons, and farmers. One man's energy has picked up an island and set it on its feet, alert and looking forward to tomorrow.

Up in Hooper Bay on the Bering sea there was until a few years ago nothing but a collection of mounds. Each was an indication of a dwelling underneath, ill-lighted as well as damp. Each had floors of evil-smelling mud into which had been

ground, over the years, grass, seal oil, dried fish, and many other off products of civilization. Under such conditions, few babies survived.

A transformation has taken place. A few of the old mounds are still to be seen, but most of them are used for storage. The people, for the first time in their history, live in decent homes which are more easily kept clean, warm, and dry. The man responsible is Father Paul O'Connor, S.J.

He had spent more than 15 years with Eskimos before he was sent to Hooper Bay. The filth and disease challenged him. He visited territorial officials; nothing was done. Then one day, in Washington, D. C., appeared a tall gray-haired priest built like a football player, with facts and figures at his fingertips. He obtained a hearing, and came back to Alaska as an agent for the government. He went from person to person, explained everything, and made loans to 170 families. Through other government agencies, building supplies were purchased and shipped up by barge. One village after another changed appearance; almost instantly the incidence of disease took a sudden drop. Father O'Connor, a veteran of over 20 years in Alaska, is still chairman of the Federal Housing administration in Alaska.

Father John Buchanan is a young man with the general structure of a good-sized bulldozer. There is an irresistibility to his

movements, and the sense that here is a mighty engine running with great power at full speed. He was appointed to Alaska in 1951. He found natives struggling futilely to compete with whites. A new civilization was needed.

He saw that isolated small schools were not enough. Somewhere there had to be a big central plant. At Copper Center, Father Buchanan drew up plans for an institution with a grammar school, high school, convent, church, and eventually a college.* In the States it would cost \$2 million; in Alaska it would be much more. So John Buchanan looked at the impossible mountain, climbed into a truck, and said, "Move!"

He is a familiar figure on the treacherous roads from the port cities of Valdez and Anchorage to Copper Center. Most of these trips are made in winter, at 20° to 50° below zero.

Father Buchanan has to spend the short summer months begging for the tons of materials which he trucks to Copper Center. During this period he practically commutes between Alaska and the States.

Before the war in the Philippines it was not uncommon for the captain of a ship lying alongside Manila's famous Pier 7 to regard coldly a white-clothed figure approaching the dock. When the priest introduced himself as Father Doucette of the Manila observatory, all the

*See Catholic Digest, Dec., 1956, p. 47.

coldness vanished. The Jesuit Fathers, for 80 years at the observatory, were known for their weather help to seamen.

Men like Father Doucette, Father Selga, and now Father Depperman, have shown that nothing that is of God is foreign to men of God. If men could be helped through scientific knowledge, if Christ could be made more attractive through science, then they were willing to spend years of labor on it. Father Selga was decorated for his work in meteorology, seismology, hydrog-

raphy, and astronomy by government after government. Father Doucette, now working with Father Depperman, is studying quakes which cause dangerous storms.

These are but a few of the many missionaries who are trying in varied circumstances and within the limitations of their own temperaments and talents to show Christ to men. Dimly but surely men can catch from them some glimpse of the loveliness of Christ, who came to lead men to the beauty and joy of the Father.



PURPOSES OF AMENDMENT

When my sister's children go to visit grandma they always make a beeline for the big chest in the kitchen in which grandma keeps the toys. Most of these toys, of course, are oldtimers which years ago survived the attentions of the grandchildren's parents.

A week or two after last Christmas, three-year-old Peter was deposited with grandma so that my sister and her husband could go to a movie. Peter lost no time in investigating the contents of the toy chest. After a little while he came to grandma with a troubled expression.

"Granny," he inquired in a voice filled with pity, "you didn't get anything for Christmas this year, did you?"

The next day grandma went out and bought herself a couple of fine new toys for "Christmas presents."

Mrs. E. Marsciolok.



My father, who teaches in grade school, often receives telephone calls both from his pupils and his grown-up friends. My father and my eldest brother are both known as Tom, so to avoid confusion we always refer to my father as "Big Tom," and to my eldest brother as "Little Tom."

Once when my mother answered the phone, a piping voice called for Tom. My mother asked, "Do you want Big Tom or Little Tom?"

The voice answered, "Big Tom—the one in the 6th grade." Jeanne Vizanko.

By George J. Barmann
Condensed from
*"Popular Science Monthly"**



Ghosts on the Highway

How many drivers roll to their deaths trying to avoid them?

A CLEVELAND newspaperman was driving through New Mexico. Suddenly, in the lights of his speeding convertible, he saw, right in front of him, a towering apartment house.

The reporter yanked the wheel to avoid the crash. He managed to make a skidding, tire-shrieking stop just short of the brick-and-stone entrance to the building. Trembling, he looked again. There was nothing there.

"I sat in the car for a few minutes, and then I don't think I was ever so tired in my life," the reporter recalls. "I took it easy to the next town, and fell into bed like a smokestack tumbling over."

Scientists could have warned him that he was heading for trouble. The newspaperman was hurrying to the West Coast on a quick holiday.

He was driving too many miles without sleep. What he saw was a "highway ghost."

Experts report that a motorist's fatigue, often accelerated by "highway hypnosis," induces this eerie phenomenon. They say that long, monotonous stretches of road, the purr of the engine, the ceaseless whirl of traffic, plus the nearly effortless task of operating a modern car, put a weary driver into a trance. He "sees" emergencies that do not exist.

The scientists can only guess the number of drivers who go smashing to their deaths each year trying to avoid ghosts. But survivors tell chilling stories.

A New York farmer, fond of county fairs and the harness racing at Goshen, was driving home from a Farm bureau meeting late one night. Spring plowing had been robbing him of his normal rest.

"I was coming pretty fast down the road when I went into this curve," he recalls. "There, right in front of me, was a great big grandstand, with all its flags flying in the

wind. I pushed the brake as hard as I could. I'll bet I left \$5 worth of rubber on the pavement. By the time I got out of the car, the grandstand was gone. There was nothing in the dark except the crickets."

A Nebraska insurance man, returning from a convention in Omaha, had been making coffee stops to stay awake. He had an important appointment the next day, and wanted to get home by morning.

"As I came over a hill," he says, "a big office building stood smack across the highway. I could see even the gold lettering on the windows and the bright glass doors. It looked just like the home office in Connecticut. Good thing I was using my seat belt. The stop would have put me through the windshield. I was really shaking. Then I looked again. There were only some lights down the hill."

Drivers who see strange sights may feel ashamed after they recover from their fright. But scientists say that highway hallucinations have nothing to do with mental competency.

Prof. Alfred L. Moseley, Boston consulting psychologist who was first to identify the highway-ghost phenomenon, has investigated hundreds of cases for the Harvard School of Public Health. He reports that "hypnagogic hallucinations," as he classifies them, happen when you are on the border between waking and sleeping. He explains, "You are worn out, and you

subconsciously want to sleep. So your subconscious conjures up a reason, that imaginary obstacle, to get you off the road to rest." Moseley feels certain that road phantoms are responsible for many mysterious accidents.

Some authorities, notably those at the Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering of the University of California at Los Angeles, recommend dramatic warnings for motorists. They suggest that monotonous stretches be posted with cautions against hallucinations and other psychological hazards that may occur with prolonged driving.

The California scientists point to a section of U.S. highway 66, in western New Mexico, where in one year 900 accidents took hundreds of lives. The researchers found that most of the dead were from outside New Mexico. Police, stopping weaving autos, frequently discover overtired drivers. Here is one place where the UCLA men would post their warnings.

Fundamentally, these just-before-sleep visions are similar to those that children have when falling asleep. Moseley notes, however, that with a child the only disturbance is a cry for mother about the big, black dog or the white horse near his pillow.

Road hallucinations are not new. They are as old as the Greek words, meaning "leading into sleep," from which the word *hypnagogic* comes. Aristotle mentions them. The 18th-

century poet Goethe says that once, when riding horseback out of Strasbourg, "I saw, in my mind's eye, my own figure, riding toward me, attired in gray with gold lace."

According to Moseley, Goethe's experience was not characteristic of highway hypnosis, because he thought he saw a person. Auto drivers usually see only animals or objects.

"The driver, you remember, subconsciously wants that reason to stop," Moseley explains. "He knows that people won't stop him because they will get out of his way."

Psychologists say there is a difference between illusions and hallucinations. One having an illusion actually sees an object, but interprets it as something else. Readers of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* will recall that Ichabod Crane fled screaming when a disembodied head came flying at him in the night. The next day, neighbors found only a shattered pumpkin. One having an hallucination sees no external object at all. He creates the image, usually to satisfy a need. In the tired driver's case, it is the image of a road barrier. A desert mirage is evoked by another strong need: for water.

Treacherous as it is, hypnosis on the highway will not by itself bring on hallucinations, Moseley insists. A road trance may make a driver more susceptible, but it is exhaustion that triggers the image.

A student at Michigan State uni-

versity said he often fell into a hypnotic trance while driving the 80 miles between his home and the East Lansing campus. He said he drove many of those miles "automatically." "I would find myself coming to, doing 50 miles an hour, and not remembering anything for as far back as 15 miles," he remarked. "I discovered that I had gone through three or four small towns without even recalling one stop light."

In another aspect of road trance, says Moseley, a motorist may look at the number 45 and not realize that it is a posted speed limit. A red traffic signal may mean nothing. The motorist may even drive up to a flashing stop light at an intersection and sit there, waiting for it to change.

"I have talked with drivers who say they have gone through an area completely familiar to them and not recognized it," the professor reports. "Again, they may become bewildered and wonder where they started from and where they are going."

Big money and big talent are investigating these psychological dangers, with road engineers and national transportation and safety organizations taking part.

The Indiana Toll road, one of the nation's newest super roads, has a gradual curve at least every two miles to help keep motorists alert. The Toll road commission thinks that with their road's concrete driving surface and blacktop shoulders,

a hypnotic driver probably would be awakened the moment he veered onto the rougher shoulder.

With the same thought in mind, the Ohio Turnpike commission made its road undulating, and varied the width of the center strip and the type of landscaping. The Ohioans also erected colored reflector signs to stimulate drivers mentally.

Engineers at Iowa State college say that trees at various distances from the highway will help break the monotony of scene and vary the sound of passing vehicles.

A "singing" curb, which gives off a weird noise when touched by a tire, has been developed.

Bridge rails have been designed to whip back startling echoes to catch the driver's attention. Some engineers urge the use of coarse pavement to make louder traffic noises, warning of approaching intersections and communities. Rainbow-hued pavement has been suggested to excite the motorist's interest.

While Moseley agrees that highway designers can do much to re-

lieve boredom, he thinks that designers of the autos themselves can help. Too little work is involved in handling today's car, he contends. Power brakes and power steering make it easier for a driver mechanically, but not psychologically. Placing the brake and accelerator so the driver could use either foot would allow for more exercise.

Safety engineers criticize the low-slung modern cars for their limited visibility, which they assert may lull motorists to sleep.

All-night radio stations around the country are joining in the battle to keep drivers awake. Early-morning disc jockeys get letters from travelers asking them to play lively music instead of slumber melodies.

Police officials emphasize the point that they can do little about motorists who let themselves reach the hypnotic state. The patrols can only issue the caution that drivers, before setting out, should learn what the dangers are and be on guard. Motorists should study their maps, plan a reasonable day's driving, and not be tempted to travel farther.

HOW NOW, BROWN COW?

The artist, with his easel and canvas under his arm, stood at the door of the farmhouse and waved his hand in the general direction of the pasture.

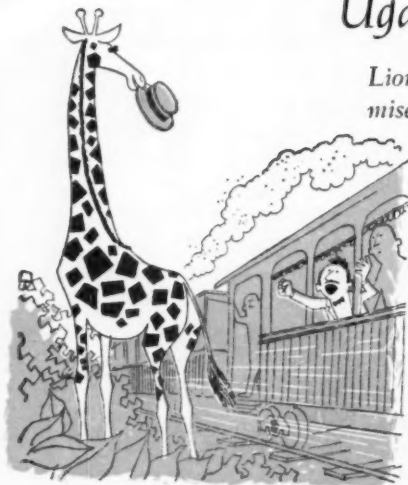
"Would you object," he asked the farmer who had answered the door, "if I stopped here and painted your cows?"

"I certainly would!" the farmer snorted. "You just leave them cows their natural color!"

Hal Chadwick.

Uganda's Beastly Railroad

Lions, elephants, and rhinos make life miserable for trainmen of East Africa



A PANTING NATIVE boy delivered the following telegram to the game warden at Tsavo Royal National park in Uganda, East Africa. "You required urgently at Irima station to watch and kill notorious lion hunting railway staff after 6 P. M. daily. (Signed) Stationmaster, Irima."

Through the telegraph of the East African railways' traffic manager at Nairobi clattered an even more moving plea. "Four lions with consorts aggressively on platform and full charge my official functions. Making fearful roars and acting savagely. Am in terror of own life. Please arrange. (Signed) Stationmaster, Simba."

In Uganda the battle between beasts and railroaders never ends. It has its droll aspects. Gazelles and zebras race trains, and cross back and forth in front of them. Ostriches flirt clumsily with locomotives, and elephants and rhinos charge them. The locomotives, in turn, exact their toll. In one year, animal fatalities on the railroad amounted to 113, including 22 giraffes.

"U g a n d a," declared Winston Churchill nearly 50 years ago, when he was undersecretary for the Colonies, "is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway instead of a beanstalk, and at the end there is a wonderful new world." This wonderful new world, a happy hunting ground for big-game sportsmen, lies on a lofty plateau in the heart of tropical Africa.

The train for Uganda starts from the Indian-ocean port of Mombasa. The journey to Kampala, Uganda's biggest city, takes 47 hours, and carries the traveler from sea level to a dizzy 9,130 feet before dropping down to 3,720 feet at Lake

*1430 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. May, 1957. © 1957 by the Federation for Railway Progress, and reprinted with permission.

Victoria. En route are awe-inspiring views of Mount Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain, and the famous Nairobi National park, where, according to an official guide, game grazes "within a stone's throw of the line."

That stone's throw often narrows appreciably. One traveler wrote to the London *Times* about a battle between an elephant and a locomotive. "The result," he reported, "was indecisive. The front of the engine was damaged and the elephant retired from the field, presumably with a bad headache."

A game warden reported a small herd of elephants standing by quietly as a train passed. "The beasts kept absolutely quiet until the train had gone safely by; then the bull came out of the bush and put on a show for the benefit of the cows. He appeared to be telling the train exactly what he would do to it if it came back."

Rhinos like to charge trains, too; but since they have no conception of deflection angles the charge usually ends as a chase, which is soon given up.

Although the mortality rate among the animals has been high, they have from the beginning made stout efforts to exact an eye for an eye. The stationmaster at Simba once applied to railway headquarters in Nairobi for a native guard (*askari*) to protect him from lions which frequently visited the platform. His request was granted and

the man was sent down the railway.

Reporting his arrival, the stationmaster wired, "Askari arrived, very brave man."

The following day brought a second telegram, "Askari not so brave at roaring time. Please arrange."

Malcolm H. Archer, public-relations officer of the East African Railways and Harbors services, has compiled a short but eloquent documentation of this struggle between man and beast in the form of telegrams received from native employees. Here are some examples.

From stationmaster, Tsavo, to traffic manager, Nairobi. "Just a lion twice or thrice to break office and fencing doors, leaving office door on bell ringing half-hour. Myself and family, consisting two wives and three children, narrowly escaping danger of life. Now seeking safety in office. Can not dare give 'line clear' signal to oncoming train. Please arrange matter own personal satisfaction and dispose of two lions who great bane my existence."

From stationmaster, Simba, to traffic manager, Nairobi. "Lion on platform. Please instruct driver and guard of down-mixed to proceed carefully without signal in yard. Guard also please advise passengers not alight from train and be cautious if coming office."

From assistant stationmaster, Kanga, to district traffic superintendent, Mombasa. "Yard congest with 11 elephant. Points will not be manned."

From stationmaster, Voi, to district traffic superintendent, Mombasa.

"Urgent. Assistant Stationmaster Odeke narrowly escaped from being caught by lion assisted by

traveling ticket examiner of two down train. All staff unwilling to do night working. Afford protection."

It's beastly operating the railway in Uganda.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 58)

1. factor (fak'ter) i) Element that makes a thing what it is; a person who does business for another.

Various *factors* in the military situation are yet to be considered.

2. benefactor (ben'e-fak'ter) b) One who does good to another; a patron.

Give thanks to your *benefactor*.

3. malefactor (mal'e-fak'ter) c) One who does evil; a criminal.

Malefactors of all kinds were often hanged in the old days.

4. factotum (fak-toe'-tum) a) A person hired to do all kinds of work.

Nesbitt is more than a butler; he's a kind of *factotum*.

5. manufacture (man-yoo-fak'cher) h) The making of goods, especially (now), by machinery.

The *manufacture* of bronze is still a costly process.

6. factitious (fak-tish'us) k) Not natural; sham.

Your arguments seem to me to be *factitious*.

7. artifact (ar'ti-fakt) g) Any object made by human work, especially primitive works.

The Aztecs left many *artifacts* of stone.

8. olfactory (ol-fak'to-ry) d) Pertaining to the sense of smell.

The *olfactory* nerves of a dog are more highly developed than a man's.

9. facile (fas'il) j) Easy to do; moving or working easily and quickly.

The student seemed to have a *facile* mind.

10. liquefaction (lik-we-fak'shun) f) The changing of a solid or gas into a liquid.

Professor Nitro explained the *liquefaction* of gases.

11. putrefaction (pu-tre-fak'shun) l) The decomposition of matter; "making" rotten.

Coldness retards *putrefaction*.

12. facsimile (fak-sim'a-lee) e) An exact copy; "made the same."

Please submit a *facsimile* of the original document.

(All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.)

The 66 Days of the First 'Mayflower'

*The Pilgrim ship of 1620 had rather a
harder time of it than her 1957 replica*

ALAN VILLIERS, master of the *Mayflower II*, had his difficulties getting to sea, but by no means as many as the Pilgrims had with the original *Mayflower* in 1620. For Captain Villiers chose the time of year when there is the highest proportion of easterly winds in the North Atlantic. The original *Mayflower* sailed in September, about the worst month for a westerly passage under sail.

It took her 66 days from Plymouth in old England to the site of Provincetown in New England. The all-time sailing-ship record for this route was pegged in 1860 by the American clipper ship *Andrew*

Jackson, which made Sandy Hook in 15 days from Rock Light, Liverpool.

The original *Mayflower* was not too slow a ship, as is proved by the fact that she sailed home in only 30 days, and with a short crew at that; but she was no speed queen, even for 1620.

A chain of circumstances caused her late-season start. The Pilgrims were poor English exiles in Holland, and when they decided to emigrate to Anglo-America it took time to get a patent and still more to find the necessary money. Through a connection between William Brewster and Sir Edward Sandys, treasurer



*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. April 14, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

of the Virginia Company, they obtained permission to settle anywhere they chose in the vast domain that was then Virginia, and to enjoy local self-government. They intended to pitch their plantation somewhere near the mouth of the Hudson river, which the Dutch claimed but had not yet been able to settle.

But how to get there? They were financed by a group of London small businessmen who called themselves the Adventurers, although they adventured only their money. Head of the group was Thomas Weston, a hardware merchant looking for a good speculation. He and his fellows drove a hard bargain, agreeing to charter a ship and provide the initial outlay of food, clothing, and supplies in return for the Pilgrims' working for them like slaves. After seven years, each colonist 16 years old or more would receive exactly the same share of the accumulated profits and capital as an Adventurer who put £10 sterling into the kitty.

The Adventurers would not even allow the colonists to own the houses they might build, or to work one day a week for themselves. The Pilgrims wanted the Adventurers to buy a vessel for them, but "Mr. Weston makes himself merry with our endeavors about buying a ship," as one of them wrote; and they had to be content with having the *Mayflower* chartered for them by the Adventurers. They bought with their

own money the pinnacle *Speedwell*, which they intended to use as a fishing and trading vessel in the New World.

The long negotiations explain in part why they made such a late start. But the Pilgrims had sold all they owned, and could not afford to tarry in England until spring. Besides, William Brewster and Edward Winslow were "wanted by the police" for having printed prohibited Puritan tracts during their exile in Holland.

Mayflower, as the English call the blossom of the hawthorn, was a favorite name for ships, almost as common as *Rose* and *Mary*; but research has enabled us to reconstruct at least the bare bones of the Pilgrim *Mayflower's* history. Her master ever since she had been built, Christopher Jones of Rotherhithe on the Thames, was also a quarter owner.

She registered 180 tons, which means that her hold could handle 180 tuns, or double hogsheads, of wine. She was at least 12 years old, had made a voyage to Norway when she was new, and later engaged in the wine trade between England and Bordeaux. At the end of January, when chartered by the Adventurers, she had just brought 153 tuns and 16 hogsheads of French wines to London.

That trip was luck for the Pilgrims: a wine ship was "sweet," that is, clean and healthy, because leakage from the casks neutralized

filth that sailors and passengers threw into the bilges. Capt. John Smith called her a "leaking, unwholesome ship," but he never sailed in her, and he took a dim view of the whole Pilgrim enterprise anyway, since he had applied for the job that Myles Standish got, and had been turned down.

We do not know how much the chartering and fitting out at Southampton cost the Adventurers—probably about £1,500—but the Pilgrims themselves had to throw in a lot more because their backers were niggardly in what they would provide. The Pilgrims' chief provisions were barrels of pickled beef and pork and hardtack, which kept almost indefinitely but was so hard they had to soak it before eating or it would break their teeth. In addition, salted flour was packed in waxed kegs, for use in the New World; and a great deal of salted butter was bought from farmers and sealed up in wooden firkins.

A few barrels of water were supplied against an emergency but, as Englishmen, they depended for their steady beverage on beer, strong enough to stand the ocean voyage without going sour. The barrels were built on the spot by the ship's cooper, who also saw to it that they were stowed properly and kept leak-proof. That, incidentally, is how John Alden got his chance to sail and, eventually, to win his girl; John was hired at Southampton as the *Mayflower's* cooper.

Except for cheeses and dried peas and beans, those were the only provisions then carried in a ship. The wealthier Pilgrims, such as Governor Carver and Elder Brewster, brought a few luxuries: lemons, sweet oil, sugar, and raisins, which they shared with the sick and feeble. All the cooking was done on a brick hearth resting on the sand ballast in the hold, with wood as fuel; that galley fire was the only artificial heat on the ship.

Some people who visit the *Mayflower II* will wonder how her predecessor accommodated 102 passengers in addition to a crew of 20 to 25, but anyone who served on an LCI or a destroyer in the last war can give the answer: triple-tiered bunks.

Some of the men slept in the shallop, the 33-foot boat which was stowed in the 'tween decks; to use this boat for a dormitory they sprang her timbers so that the ship's carpenter had a job repairing her after they landed.

The Pilgrims expected trouble with the Indians, so they hired Myles Standish, who had fought in the Dutch wars, to train them, and brought a supply of muskets, gunpowder, and shot. They had also carpenters' and masons' tools and tools for digging. And there were a hundred other items, such as extra clothing and shoes, fish nets and tackle, that would be needed to sustain life in an uninhabited country. In outfitting themselves they

doubtless profited by the English experience of 13 years in Virginia.

A last-minute crisis came with a flock of "land sharks" waving bills to the amount of nearly £100, which the Pilgrims had incurred for fitting out, but which Weston refused to pay. "So they were forced to sell off some of their provisions to stop this gap, which was some three or four-score firkins of butter." Finally, all was square, and the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* set sail from Southampton on Aug. 5.

Shortly afterward began "the troubles that befell them on the coast and at sea," as their future governor, William Bradford, wrote in his *History of the Plymouth Plantation*. They had not yet cleared the Channel when the master of the *Speedwell* complained that she was leaking so badly that he dared not sail into the open sea. It was decided to put into Dartmouth on Aug. 13 to repair her.

Repairs finished, the two vessels proceeded to about 300 miles beyond Lands End, Cornwall, when the *Speedwell* began to leak again so badly that "they could scarce free her with much pumping." So back they turned, and put into Plymouth, where the pinnacle was sold. Many of her passengers abandoned the voyage, but the more stouthearted were taken on board the already crowded *Mayflower*.

It was on Sept. 6 when, "these troubles being blown over, and now being compact together in one ship,

they put to sea again with a prosperous wind, which continued divers days together, which was some encouragement to them." Then the easterly breeze dropped, and for the rest of the voyage the *Mayflower* battled cross winds and storms.

At one point, half-seas over, it was seriously proposed to turn back, because one of the main beams cracked amidships and bent out of place, making the deck planking leak dreadfully. The passengers came to the rescue by breaking out of the hold "a great iron screw" which they had brought from Holland, probably for house-raising. This, seated on the keelson, was used as a jack to push the bowed beam back into place and as a brace to keep it there.

It was a tedious voyage. On several occasions "the winds were so fierce and the seas so high" that the ship could not carry sail, and drifted for days on end. In one such period, "a lusty young man called John Howland" was thrown overboard by a sudden roll of the ship, but caught hold of the topsail halyards, which were trailing, and was hauled back on board with a boat hook.

Bradford mentions that "many were afflicted with seasickness" at first, but that was the least of their troubles. They were never warm and almost never dry. If they went up on the crowded, cluttered deck they were soaked by spray, and sailors handling the lines cursed them and told them to go below.

There were no chairs on the fetid gundeck, and the salt water leaked through onto the bunks.

The one fire on board had no vent for its smoke, which added to the foul atmosphere, and it had to be quenched when seas were high and hatches battened down. For days at a time people had only cold food. There was, of course, no plumbing, and no fresh water for washing; men, women, and children slept in their wet clothes, with perhaps a blanket apiece.

It is a marvel that there were only two deaths on board; one of a young boy, servant to Samuel Fuller, and the other of a blasphemous seaman who had boasted that "he hoped to help cast half of them (the passengers) overboard before they came to their journey's end, and to make merry with what they had." All agreed that his death at sea of a "grievous disease" was a just judgment of God.

To offset the loss of the young servant, Elizabeth Hopkins gave birth to a son who was appropriately named Oceanus; and shortly after the *Mayflower* anchored at Cape Cod, Susanna White became the mother of a strapping baby boy who was named Peregrine (the Pilgrim). He outlived all the passengers, dying at the age of 84 in 1704. So life and death broke even on board the *Mayflower*.

The ship made her Cape Cod landfall at daybreak on Nov. 9, 1620, 65 days out from Plymouth.

Capt. Sears Nickerson, who knows the cape like a book, is certain that she approached it between Lat. 41° 50' N. and Lat. 41° 55' N. and first sighted the hills of Truro, where Highland Light now warns sailors of shoals. Captain Jones and one of the mates, who had made one or more fishing voyages to New England, knew very well where they were. At about 9 A.M. the wind came clear from the north, and the *Mayflower* went romping along within sight of land, "not a little joyful," as Bradford says. Another couple of days should have taken them to the mouth of the Hudson.

In the late afternoon the ship found herself "amongst dangerous shoals and roaring breakers," on what is now called Pollock Rip off Monomoy. The wind died from the north, then came out of the south; the tide was running strong against her intended course; so Captain Jones and Governor Carver made the wise decision to "bear up again for the cape."

After one more night at sea, the *Mayflower* rounded the crooked finger of Cape Cod, and, at about 10 A. M. on Nov. 11, anchored in Great Harbor, now the site of Provincetown.

The voyage was over. It was so late in the season, Nov. 21, according to our present calendar, that the Pilgrims decided to sail no farther but to "look out a place for habitation."

On that same day, the *Mayflower*

Compact, the first written American constitution, was drawn up and signed. The reason for it was that the "strangers" who had been added to the passenger list by the Adventurers had been boasting that they would "use their own liberty, for none had power to command them, the patent they had being for Virginia, and not New England." Thus there would be no legal authority unless the passengers agreed to create one. The Compact served as the basis of their government for many years.

Many trips were made ashore in the longboat at Provincetown; an informal thanksgiving service was held; the men and boys fished and dug for clams; and the women washed clothes in a fresh-water pond.

As soon as the shallop was ready, most of the men passengers and some of the crew explored Cape Cod and the shore while the women and children stayed on the ship. It was on Dec. 11 (or 21) that the exploring party landed at Plymouth, traditionally on the rock, and decided that this was the place to settle. Returning to the *Mayflower*, they sailed her into Plymouth harbor (already so called on Capt. John Smith's map of New England) on the 16th and at once began building houses.

Captain Jones obligingly stood by all that dreadful first winter when half the colonists and a large number of the crew, weakened by

the hardships and bad food of the voyage, sickened and died. It was not until April 5, 1621, that the short-handed *Mayflower* set sail for England.

Nobody paid any attention to her, or to stout Captain Jones. Not 100 people in England knew or cared whether the Pilgrims lived or died; and their ship was, perhaps, the least conspicuous of the 40 or 50 vessels which went every year to Virginia with settlers or to New England to fish. Captain Jones died at his home in Rotherhithe in early March, 1622, leaving a widow and two children. Two years later, acting on a petition from Mrs. Jones that the *Mayflower* was "in ruins," the High Court of Admiralty ordered her to be appraised by "four mariners and shipwrights of Rotherhithe."

They valued her at £128 8s 4d, including one suit of worn sails (£15), spars and standing rigging (£35), and five anchors (£25). That was quite a comedown from the £800 for which she had been "prized" in 1609, when new. And as there was no running rigging in the inventory, we may infer that the gallant old ship had been dismantled after the death of her master, and that his widow was sending her to the scrap heap.* Mrs. Jones probably sold as wastepaper Christopher's logbooks. They would be worth more than their weight in gold today.

*See "What Happened to the 'Mayflower,'" Catholic Digest, May, 1955, p. 116.

How to Plant the Reading Habit

The Library Club of America proves that U.S. youngsters find reading books at home is as much fun as watching TV

DOES YOUR child dislike books? If so, it could be your own fault. Perhaps you do not read enough yourself, or have enough books in your home, to show him that reading is one of the major pleasures of civilized life. Perhaps you haven't provided him with the incentive to do any serious reading.

An enthusiastic organization called the Library Club of America is busy proving that Johnny *can* read, better than ever before, if given a real incentive. In the 18 months of the club's existence, membership has grown phenomenally. Right now, some 400,000 children between eight and 14 are members. They are distributed throughout more than 400 local chapters.

Nearly 20% of the members are pupils in Catholic schools. Catholic membership is especially high in Michigan and Connecticut. In Connecticut, 80% of the LCA chapters are to be found in Catholic schools.

The plan of the Library Club of America is so simple that it is surprising no one put it into effect long ago. It is the brain child of Sidney Satenstein, president of

American Book-Stratford Press, Inc., and chairman of the Book Industry committee of the Book Manufacturers' institute.

Satenstein has been in the book business for nearly 37 years. He has spent much of his time trying to persuade the public to develop better reading habits. He fathered an ill-fated radio show called *The Early Bookworm*, featuring Alexander Woollcott. Later, he tried other book-reviewing radio programs with critics Harry Hansen and Clifton Fadiman, but neither was successful.

Satenstein concluded that trying



to get adults to read more is a waste of time. Prospective readers would have to be caught young.

But not until 1955 did he discover his ingenious method of catching them. He borrowed a page or two from the Boy Scout manual. If boys could be drawn to work hard for merit badges in woodcraft, ornithology, and similar activities, why couldn't children be drawn to the idea of winning awards for reading books?

He chose as a slogan "Readers are Leaders," and designed several buttons to indicate levels of achievement in reading. Next, he convinced his colleagues in the book-manufacturing business that they should support the plan. The club's greatest source of income is still the Book Manufacturers' institute. Finally, he hired Frank Jennings, a reading specialist, as executive director.

Jennings is convinced that if a child gets past the 20-book mark, the habit of reading will be instilled for life. That goal is the basis of the club's system. A child receives a membership button after reading four books. Next step, after an additional six books, is the honor button. When he has finished eight more books, making a total of 18, the avid reader has the right to wear a life-membership button.

The plan doesn't stop there. With the approval of the chapter leader, the child may then agree to read at least two more books a month. By so doing, he wins the

right to sit on the local library advisory council.

The Library club's central office remains aloof from chapter affairs. It neither recommends nor sells any books. It does not even suggest specific methods of chapter operation. Club officials ask only that chapter heads report on progress.

The movement began experimentally in three public schools in New York City's lower east side. It soon crossed the Hudson into New Jersey. Now, the club has chapters in nearly every state in the Union. It has a chapter in Horsham, Sask., a town that doesn't even appear on many maps of Canada.

Two overseas chapters have been started in schools for children of armed forces' personnel: one in Morocco, the other in England. Chapters are being planned in Mexico City; Hilo, Hawaii; and Colombo, Ceylon. And inquiries have come from Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, West Germany, and Puerto Rico.

The plan is producing amazing results. In Tallahassee, Fla., the public library reported that circulation of children's books rose 59% shortly after an LCA chapter was formed. The Rowayton, Conn., public library doubled its circulation. A school at Indian Lake, N. Y., registered a 230% increase in books read. In New Britain, Conn., the increase was 250%.

After approval of the plan by the PTA in Santa Cruz, Calif., the local

library saw an increase in withdrawals of from 100 to 300 books a day.

One of the most gratifying developments is that parents of children who join the club often experience a sudden desire to read more themselves. Several libraries have noticed an increase in the number of children who are accompanied by parents. A Puerto Rican girl in Brooklyn asked her teacher for Spanish-language books so that her parents could do more reading.

The importance of this development is indicated by Frank Jennings' analysis of the "reading problem." He says that it is centered in the home, not the school.

"Children whose parents do not read for the fun of it," he says, "are usually the ones who develop reading problems. The teaching of reading is better today than ever before. And it is nonsense to say that there is one, best, sovereign way of teaching it."

The essential thing, Jennings emphasizes, is that the child grow up in an atmosphere where reading is appreciated and loved. The LCA does its best to help parents foster such an atmosphere.

Typical of the workings of the LCA plan in schools is the experience of St. Patrick's school in Brooklyn. St. Patrick's was the first Catholic school to start an LCA chapter.

Sister Mary Laurence enrolled her own school library club in the

national organization only a month after the LCA had been organized. At first, she had only 15 members. Now, the club has 80 regular members, 40 honor members, and 38 life members. Not one pupil has dropped out of the club.

Sister Mary Laurence maintains interest in reading through oral and written book reports, discussion of books in class, and the keeping of detailed records. The children became so interested in the books their friends were reading that soon there was a waiting list for almost every book in the library. The demand became so heavy that the near-by public library set aside 200 books for the chapter, and nearly all of these have been taken out, too.

St. Patrick's annual "book fair" was swamped the first year the chapter was formed. As early as last March, pupils began reserving books for their summer vacation. A state regents' examiner was surprised to find that in the regents' English test, which requires book reports, no two children from St. Patrick's chose the same book.

Word of the success of St. Patrick's club has spread throughout the area; and at least eight other neighboring chapters have been formed. One is at St. Gerard's school, in Hollis, Queens, where Sister Mary Mark has observed a tremendous interest in books since the club was started last March. Several of her pupils have already qualified for life buttons.

In one high school in Maryland, the Triggs diagnostic reading test was given to 150 students of average intelligence just after the club was formed and again a few months later. Results showed an improvement in reading speed of 42%; in vocabulary, of 15%; in comprehension, of 8%.

A study made in New York City showed that one boy had read no books at all several months after the LCA plan had been adopted. Then the teacher assigned him a buddy to help him with words he didn't know. Within a short time, he had read and given oral reports on five books.

During this same study, some children totaled more than 50 books, and others more than 100, in about seven months. At the beginning of the experiment the average number of books read per student per month was 1.25. At the end of the trial period, the number had jumped to 4.5 a month.

Teachers in most of the schools which have set up LCA chapters have found that the children generally prefer children's literary classics to more recent works. In the Rowland school, Cleveland, Ohio, the greatest demand was for books like *Heidi*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Black Beauty*, and *Little Women*. In one special survey of reading habits, the books ranged through animals, fiction, science, and social studies.

A representative reading list in-

cluded ten books about music, four collections of poetry, and 27 biographies.

Many educators deplore the fact that American youngsters give so much time to movies, radio, and television. But it has been found that in many instances these diversions have stimulated reading. One school in the Midwest reported a large demand for Barrie's *Peter Pan* immediately after the television presentation of the play. The same was true of *Robin Hood* and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

Some children have written to authors of books they liked, and their letters have inaugurated real "pen pal" associations between authors and readers. Several teachers have reported that pupils are no longer content to ask for specific titles; they are interested in all the works of specific writers.

Starting an LCA chapter isn't much harder than writing a letter. All it takes is a request for a charter, submitted to the national headquarters at 28 W. 44th St., New York City 36, along with an estimate of the number of membership buttons that will be needed. It is important, however, to have one person willing to accept the initial responsibilities of chapter director.

Letters of application are flowing into LCA headquarters at the rate of 200 a week. The club has had to hire a shipping staff to handle requests for buttons and descriptive

material. Two new directors have been added: Dr. Frances Horwich (the Miss Frances of TV's *Ding Dong School*), and John M. Gleason, national director of the Boys' Clubs of America.

Satenstein and Jennings hope

that the LCA will become as much of a fixture in the lives of young Americans as the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. If that happens, Americans may gradually become the most widely-read people in the world.



HIDDEN NOURISHMENT

By JOSEPH C. STACEY

Some 18 varieties of common foods—fruit, meat, vegetables—are hiding behind the definitions listed below in Column A. See how many of them you can match with their meanings listed in Column B. Can you name at least 13 of them for a passing score?

Column A

1. To incite
2. Horny growth on toe
3. (3.1416) + e
4. Second-rate actor
5. Innocent person + to hack
6. An unpleasant situation
7. Cowardly
8. To form into a solid mass
9. To exploit
10. Best of anything + to breathe hard or quickly
11. Ardent + to follow persistently
12. Sweet one
13. Crazy
14. To crush
15. Trim off branches of bush or tree
16. Aw, hooey!
17. A breed of dogs of northern China + a breed of dogs in northern China
18. The essence, gist, or pith + to loiter

Column B

- a) cream puff
- b) hot dog
- c) honey
- d) nuts
- e) squash
- f) prune
- g) applesauce
- h) chowchow
- i) meat loaf
- j) egg
- k) corn
- l) pie
- m) ham
- n) lamb chop
- o) pickle
- p) chicken
- q) cake
- r) milk

(Answers on page 45)

A Death on the Prairie

*I was the only priest in all that trackless plain
but a man's faith brought me to him in time*

ONE WEEK END in June, 1909, I took a 140-mile stagecoach-rail journey to Gillette, Wyo., which had recently been attached to my Buffalo, Wyo., parish. I sent word ahead to the Catholic settlers that Mass would be offered on Sunday. Some of them had not seen a priest for such a long time that they had only a fond memory of the faith.

After Sunday Mass, a man I had seen in church rode up leading a beautiful saddle horse. "Father," he called, "you can't get a train till late tonight. Would you like to take a ride in the hills?"

"Splendid!" I replied. We were soon out on the trackless prairie. Wyoming was green that year; the tall grass rippled like the sea. We could just barely see the mountains far in the distance. The air was as heady as wine.

We had gone about nine miles, as my guide told me later, when we saw something white moving in the distance. We thought it might be a signal from a cowboy, so we rode hard in that direction, breaking



trail through the grass. We came upon a woman, who might have been about 30 years of age, waving a white tablecloth.

"Father," she said without excitement, "I've been looking for a priest." To this day I have not forgotten the impression she made upon me: she was happy, but not at all surprised that in that wilderness a priest had answered her signal. "My brother is dying."

Not far from where she stood, a tent was pitched. She led the way to it.

As she held open the flap, the

*Rochelle Park, N. J. June, 1957. © 1957 by the Order of Friars Minor, New York, and reprinted with permission.

first thing that caught my eye was the light gleaming from two candles on a small table. A crucifix stood between the candles, a prayer book was opened at the Litany of the Dying, and there was a small glass ("That's holy water," she whispered) with a tiny green branch in it.

Her brother was on a cot. He was very thin, and may have been about 35. His eyes were clear and he seemed alert. Quickly I heard his Confession, and then anointed him; in those days every priest in the West carried the holy oils with him at all times, but, of course, I could

not give him Viaticum. The man had been able to make his Confession clearly. But as soon as I concluded the prayers for the dying, he died.

Afterwards the woman told her story. "I had no idea where we might find a priest around here; nobody told me you were having Mass at Gillette today. But all his life my brother has been praying every day for a priest at death. This morning he and I prayed together for the last time. We said only three Hail Marys. Then I went outside and started waving the tablecloth."



IN OUR HOUSE

My father has always had a rather poetic nature, and when engrossed in thought can easily become oblivious to his surroundings. As our family was walking to Mass one Sunday morning, my grandmother noticed that father had forgotten to bring his missal.

"Well, thank goodness, there's plenty of time for you to go back for it," grandmother sniffed. "You'll be finding it on the mantel by the clock," she announced, speaking very distinctly so as to penetrate father's fog of abstraction.

Father turned obediently and retreated to fetch the book. We were just reaching the church when father overtook us, the clock from the mantel tucked securely under his right arm.

S. M. M.



When we invited the bridge club to our house, we allowed our nine-year-old son to take care of the guests' hats and coats. Unobserved, he slipped into the kitchen for a saucer, placed a dime on it, and left it on a table near the coat closet. After the party, my wife and I were shocked to discover our son counting up his profits: a neat \$4.20.

Ernest Blevins.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The 16th Duke of Norfolk

*He is England's most prominent layman,
and a specialist in pomp and circumstance*

WHEN HENRY VIII broke with the Papacy, most of the English nobility followed him down the road of rebellion. A few great families, however, held to their religion in the face of royal displeasure and persecution. One of those families was the Howards, who had played an important part in England's affairs for centuries.

Today, the most prominent Catholic layman in Great Britain is a member of this distinguished family. He is His Grace the Most Honourable Bernard Marmaduke FitzAlan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, Knight of the Garter, and Earl Marshal of England. As earl marshal (an office held by Dukes of Norfolk since 1483) he has the duty of planning the state ceremonies that bring splendid pageantry to somber London streets.

The coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in June, 1953, was the most spectacular of such events in recent history. The earl marshal's tasks ranged from seating 8,000 people in strict order of precedence in Westminster abbey to placing robed tailor's dummies in the hall of his London home for the en-



lightenment of peers of the realm. The peers, now more accustomed to Savile Row suits than to ceremonial costume, were eager to learn just how coronets and knee breeches should be worn.

Among other details, he had to assign camera positions for the first TV coverage of a coronation, and supervise 14 days of rehearsals of the intricate ceremony, with his duchess standing in for the queen. He had to time every move so that the procession of 260 persons through the abbey would take precisely 15 minutes from door to altar.

It is unlikely that the duke lost any sleep over his duties. He had already handled arrangements for the funeral of King George V, the coronation and funeral of King George VI, and the wedding of the then Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The earl marshal is, by royal warrant, "the next and immediate officer under Us for determining and ordering all matters touching arms, ensigns, nobility, honour, and chivalry." In a kingdom which prizes its traditions, there are, even today, many such matters to be ordered and determined.

At 49, the Duke of Norfolk is a plump, thickset man with heavy-lidded eyes. He has a solemn, often almost expressionless face, but it can be abruptly transformed by an engaging smile. He usually speaks briefly and bluntly.

When he was called upon to take charge of the funeral of King George V in 1936, he was only 27. He had just resigned from the Blues, a regiment in which he served as 2nd lieutenant. Overnight, he found himself giving orders to generals.

One question to be decided immediately was whether the Household Cavalry should ride cloaked or uncloaked. The duke said they would be uncloaked.

"But what happens if it rains?" asked a general.

"I expect," said the duke, "they will get wet."

Since the earl marshal is traditionally responsible for "order in the queen's presence," the duke must attend the queen at the opening and closing of each session of Parliament. On these occasions he must walk backwards up a flight of stairs, wearing a robe which trails around his feet, without once looking over his shoulder. The duke's proficiency is much admired by his brother dukes.

As head of the College of Arms, he has the final word on who is and who is not entitled to a coat of arms, and what arms may be chosen by newly created peers. He can call for the advice of genealogical experts with such bizarre medieval titles as Garter King of Arms, Rouge Croix Pursuivant, and Portcullis Pursuivant.

He also introduces new peers to the House of Lords. To date, he has sponsored well over 200. "I kept a tally up to 80," he says, "and then lost count when the war broke out."

On state occasions, the earl marshal is a splendid figure. He carries the gold baton of rank. He wears a scarlet-and-ermine robe, white knee breeches and stockings, plumed cocked hat, black buckled shoes, sword, and a scarlet tunic studded with gold braid and crossed with the blue sash of the Order of the Garter.

Prominent among his many decorations is the eight-pointed star of the Order of Pope Pius IX, con-

ferred on him in 1941 for noble and conspicuous deeds in behalf of the Church.

The duke traces his ancestry back 1,000 years to Hereward the Wake, who fought William the Conqueror in the marshes of Norfolk. One of his ancestors, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, defied Queen Elizabeth by his staunch Catholicism, was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and died there in 1595. A pious inscription he carved on the wall of his cell can still be seen. He was one of the English martyrs beatified in 1929; the present duke attended the ceremony.

Another member of the family, Lord Howard of Effingham, led the fleet which shattered the Spanish Armada and saved England from invasion.

For generations, the heads of the family have been notably zealous men. The 14th duke was described as "almost a saint" by Father Faber, the famous writer of hymns. The 15th duke, father of today's earl marshal, did much to put Catholicism on its present solid basis in England. He built, at a cost of half a million dollars, the beautiful church of St. Philip Neri. It stands on a hill opposite Arundel castle, the family home in Sussex. When he died, he left as much again to Catholic charities.

The 15th duke was mildly eccentric in the true tradition of the British aristocracy. Despite his wealth, he wore clothes so shabby

that he was sometimes mistaken for a laborer. Once, when he had been working on repairs to his castle, a woman visitor gave him sixpence to call a cab for her. He wore the coin on his watch chain for the rest of his life. He used to walk through the street on his way to ceremonial occasions carrying his court dress in a paper parcel tied with string.

"I'm a duke," he once said defiantly, "and I can dress as I like. Only a duke can afford to dress badly."

The 15th duke was one of those who strove to have the anti-Catholic oath removed from the coronation ritual. It was finally removed at the crowning of King George V.

The present duke is equally prominent in Catholic affairs. As a Knight of St. John, he represented King George VI at the requiem Mass for Pope Pius XI in 1939. In the same year he was special ambassador at the coronation of Pius XII.

He works with the Catholic Education council, and is president of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, a patriotic group seeking to reestablish the best traditions of British Catholic life. He also works with the Converts' Aid society.

Both by inclination and by virtue of his high office, he is a stickler for convention. His first and last recorded lapse in public occurred at his Baptism in 1908, at which an archbishop and 14 priests officiated. He howled throughout the service.

On his succession to the title in 1917, when he was nine, he came into possession of 50,000 acres of land in Sussex, held by the family since 1556. He also inherited country houses in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, much of the town of Arundel, and the seaside resort of Littlehampton. His fortune was computed to be about \$51 million.

Msr. Ronald Knox, celebrated preacher and writer, was the duke's tutor for a while. The young nobleman attended the Oratory school at Caversham, but did not go on to Oxford, as might have been expected. He went instead into the Royal Horse Guards. He admits that drill under a corporal who had no respect for ducal dignity did him much good.

He came of age in 1929 amid festivities with a true feudal flavor. He walked to church over a carpet of flowers; oxen were roasted whole; guests ate a five-foot cake. The townsfolk of Arundel put together their pennies to buy him a gold cigarette box, and the greatest bonfire ever built on the Sussex Downs signaled the event for miles around.

The duke is one of the last Englishmen whose homes are in fact their castles. Arundel castle is second only to royal Windsor in size. The red-and-white banner of the Howards, emblazoned with the earl marshal's gold baton, flies above the battlements of the great building, which was begun in 1070. The castle broods over sleepy Arundel, a

picturesque town of 2,600 people a few miles from the Sussex coast.

Once, as a child, the duke was on a holiday in southern France. When he was asked what he would like for his birthday, he replied, "A return ticket to Arundel." When he was made mayor in 1935, he said simply, "Arundel is to me practically everything there is."

The duke has allowed railways to cross his land only on condition that practically all trains will stop at the miniature station in Arundel. Every day some 30 trains do halt there, though often as not no passengers get on or off, except in summer, when the castle is opened to the public. Then, 3,000 visitors may come on a fine day. (Many of the visitors have objected to the 30-foot TV antenna on top of the castle. The duke, a TV addict, has one set in his drawing room and another in the children's playroom.)

Keeping house in the 150-room castle is the task of the attractive, blue-eyed Duchess of Norfolk. She was the Honourable Lavinia Strutt when she first met her husband-to-be in 1937.

"Out hunting," the duke recalls, "I fell off my horse. It was entirely my own fault, but a certain sympathetic lady stopped to pick me up. She is very close to me now."

The duke and duchess have four daughters, the eldest 19, the youngest 11: Lady Mary, Lady Sarah, Lady Theresa, and Lady Anne. If no male heir is born, the title will

pass to the outer fringe of the family.

In addition to being earl marshal, the duke is both Premier Duke and Premier Earl of England. His full titles are Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Earl of Surrey, Earl of Norfolk, Baron Maltravers, Baron Clun, Baron FitzAlan, and Baron Oswaldestre. He is also Chief Butler of England, a title which seems quaint in the 20th century, but which long ago designated the king's right-hand man. Even now, the duke may not officially leave the country without royal assent.

The duke seldom speaks in the House of Lords, but when he does he speaks very effectively. Just before the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to Britain, he protested, "It is the Catholic belief that religious freedom must form the foundation of a lasting peace. I beg the government to give an assurance that it will make plain to its visitors that no peace can be obtained until freedom of worship is restored."

His administration of his own vast estates has made the earl marshal one of England's leading agricultural experts. During the 2nd World War, Prime Minister Winston Churchill asked him to leave his Royal Sussex regiment and become Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. (The duke had previously been posted missing for ten days after the Germans broke through the Anglo-French lines in 1940. But his only

war wound was inflicted by a shotgun in the hands of a shortsighted fellow officer who was aiming at a rabbit.)

The duke took a no-nonsense approach to the ministry job. For instance, he made a 150-mile inspection tour of harvest camps by bicycle. The duchess, meanwhile, was doing her bit by working in a local shipyard.

Perhaps the most pleasant tasks the duke undertakes are those that fall to him as Her Majesty's representative at Ascot. He is a racing enthusiast, and seems to know everyone who has anything to do with the famous racing event. Part of his job is screening applications for tickets to the Royal Enclosure. At his wedding, the bridesmaids wore the sky-blue-and-scarlet Norfolk racing colors. (Before her marriage, his wife, a superb horsewoman, wore as her racing insignia a large Mickey Mouse.)

Not long ago, the duke prophesied that within three generations Britain's country estates will all be split up or be in the hands of the government. He has had to sell large chunks of his own property to meet heavy taxation.

Last spring, he petitioned the House of Lords for permission to bring in a bill giving Arundel castle to the nation as a residence for the earls marshal. Labor-party members in the House of Commons attacked the proposal as a shrewd move to keep the castle for the

Howard family and at the same time save several thousand pounds a year in taxes.

The earl marshal does not mix easily, but he has established himself as a character, and if there is one thing the British love more than a duke, it is a character. Leaving Buckingham palace after he had been made a Knight of the Garter

for his services at the coronation of King George VI, the duke was surprised to find himself mobbed by a Cockney crowd shouting his praises: "Well done, Bernard! You did jolly well!"

For a moment the mask of dignity slipped, and the Earl Marshal of England grinned at the well-earned accolade.



ANCIENT TRANQUILIZER

St. Margaret Mary's is the "downtown" church in Omaha, Neb., my home town. As of now, an army of workmen are erecting a huge building across the street from the church corner. They manage to supply most of the noise in the locality, although the parking lot on the third corner and the hotel on the fourth corner do their little bit.

As I stand each day waiting for a bus, I am always moved by the sound of St. Margaret Mary's church bells pealing the ten o'clock hour. All around me is noise. The clanging of traffic signals, the roar of accelerating trucks, the hoot of motor horns, all contribute to a kind of frantic atmosphere that is every hour broken by the tranquil boom of the great bells. The sound falls like a cool hand on a fevered brow or like the sudden gleam of sunshine after a day of heavy thundershowers.

The church bell is one of the most ancient tranquilizers in the world. When the artist Millet's immortal pair of gleaners paused to say their Angelus, it was the noonday sun as much as the sound of the bell which had reminded them to ask God's blessing. Nature herself provided the quiet setting conducive to thoughtful prayer. Today in the city, nature succumbs to man's inventiveness, her quiet is shattered by his noisy activities, but the pealing of the bell rises above the earthly din, just as thoughts of eternity and heaven replace in our minds the petty concerns of everyday living.

St. Margaret Mary's, with its tabernacle light, its statues and stations, may seem to the unbeliever an anachronism in the modern world. But to me, and to thousands of others like me—clerks, secretaries, businessmen—who drop in at odd hours daily to spend a few spare moments with the Blessed Sacrament, it is like an oasis in the desert.

Anne Rush Riley.

History's Happy Accidents

*Sometimes it's the scientific experiment
that goes wrong that is most important*

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES have time and again changed the course of world history, and, according to Dr. Roland W. Wright, a noted medical authority, a greater need exists for more of them than ever before. Such happy accidents could explain irritating clinical problems, he says; for example, the solution of the problem of atherosclerosis may lie in an engineering textbook. A clue to means of controlling a malignant disease may be staring at us unnoticed in the first few pages of an elementary biology textbook.

Even in the 20th century, you still may find things you do not set out to search for. World-shaking discoveries have time and again dropped from the blue, the gift of happy chance.

The familiar instrument with which doctors listen to the sounds of the heart and lungs was invented in 1816 by a young French physician, René Théophile Laënnec. In his time, a few physicians listened to the chest by putting an ear close to the patient, but no fastidious



doctor put his ear directly on the patient's chest. For in those days hospitals and beds were not clean, and patients were likely to be infested with lice. Laënnec had as a patient a very fat woman with heart disease. Thumping her chest to learn what the situation might be was of little value because of the fat. If only he could listen to the heart!

One afternoon he took a walk in the garden of the Louvre. He heard the gay shouts of boys playing on a pile of old lumber. One boy lightly

*1600 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. April, 1957. © 1957 by Rotary International, and reprinted with permission.

tapped the end of a long plank with his fingers. At the other end several boys were pressing their ears to the plank, listening to the tapping coming clearly through the board.

Laënnec hurried back to the hospital, picked up a booklet, which he rolled into a tube, and went straight to his patient's bed. The nuns attending him watched with big eyes as he placed one end of his tube on the woman's chest and pressed his ear to the other end. Yes, the sounds of the heart came through clearly and crisply. Laënnec spent hours listening to the chests of hospital patients, and he heard an amazing variety of sounds.

Laënnec then turned out a wooden cylinder on a lathe. He named it a stethoscope, from two Greek words meaning "breast" and "examine."

An 18-year-old Scottish lad named William Perkin was home on vacation from college. In the attic of his father's house he built himself a tiny laboratory. His interest lay in finding some way to make synthetic quinine out of coal-tar derivatives. He mixed compounds with fine abandon. All he got in the bottom of his test tubes was a black, sticky mess. Cleaning them out with alcohol, he noticed that one of them turned a beautiful delicate purple. Would this make a good dye?

He was right: it was a good dye; it was the first important artificial dye in history. It ultimately reached such heights of popularity, in fash-

ionable dresses and decorations, that it lent its name to a whole period: the Mauve Decade. Perkin became rich. He was knighted by Queen Victoria. But his discovery had scarcely begun to play its historic role in the drama of scientific progress.

For Louis Pasteur, whose germ theory is considered by scientists to be among the ten greatest discoveries in the history of mankind, could not have done his work if Perkin had not first made his discovery. It was found that coal-tar dyes could stain bacteria selectively, thereby making possible the accurate study of microbes under the microscope. Pasteur's monumental research depended on the dye discovered accidentally by the Scottish lad.

Perkin's discovery continued to reverberate in the annals of later history. It stimulated chemists in many parts of the world to search for ways of making synthetic dyes from coal tar, and from this work came the development of organic chemistry. Some of the compounds discovered as a direct result have played a major role in the medical advances of the 20th century. The discoveries include the sulfa drugs, aspirin, and atabrine. The world is thus a far healthier place to live in today because more than a century ago a boy chemist did *not* find what he was looking for.

In Australia, a group of investigators were studying a destructive

skin disease. In the sores they found large numbers of germs that looked and acted exactly like tubercle bacilli, except that they would not grow in the laboratory in cultures on which other tubercle bacilli thrived.

One night the heat-regulating mechanism of the germ incubator failed. The temperature, normally maintained at 37.5° Centigrade (body temperature), dropped to 34. Surprisingly, the next day there was a vigorous growth in the cultures.

The research workers followed a hunch and found that this germ was acclimated to a colder temperature than the bacillus that causes lung tuberculosis. It multiplied readily on the hands exposed to the weather, but not under conditions similar to those present in the lungs. Having learned the reproductive habits of these germs, the scientists quickly succeeded in prescribing effective medication to eradicate them.

Robert Koch, discoverer of the tubercle bacillus, had trouble learning to stain the tubercle bacillus so that it would be more visible. It seemed unusually resistant to staining. One of the best dyes, methylene blue, worked but poorly, until one day Koch had unexpected success: the bacilli took the stain better than usual. Why? Koch wondered.

The particular batch of stain used that day was old. In what way had it changed? Koch recalled the pre-

sence of ammonia fumes in the laboratory. Ammonia is a strong alkali. Eureka! Alkaline methylene blue is what he needed to bring the treacherous bacillus out in detail.

In 1880, Pasteur was studying chicken cholera. Its germ was already known, but not the method of preventing the disease. Pasteur grew the germs in a broth of chicken gristle and soon had a plentiful supply, which in small quantities quickly killed chickens. He knew that the culture had to be made fresh each day to be potent. Through an oversight, a culture several weeks old was used one day. The hens injected with it developed cholera, but instead of dying as expected, they recovered. When the same hens were later infected with fresh cholera germs they did not get sick, whereas hens of a control group all promptly died.

Out of this accident grew one of Pasteur's greatest findings: that disease-producing microbes may be deprived of their deadly power by cultivating them artificially under conditions unfavorable to them. From the "disarmed" microbes, vaccines may be made that will prevent the development of the same disease when animals or men are exposed to them. That principle is one of the rocks on which preventive medicine rests.

When Alexander Fleming saw that some foreign matter in the air had contaminated plate cultures of staphylococci, his scientific curiosity

was aroused. He saw a pale blue mold ringing the outer edge. The mold had killed the staphylococci.

Fleming was not looking for a spectacular new drug, but he was shrewd enough to recognize opportunity. As a result, he discovered penicillin.

Chemistry can provide equally numerous instances of momentous accidents. Among the first was the action of a Swiss scientist, Phillipus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (called Paracelsus for short). He happened to drop iron into sulphuric acid, thereby liberating free hydrogen. Some historians think that Henry Cavendish, the father of modern chemistry, based his work on this discovery.

In more modern times we have an unending parade of great accidents: Nobel's dynamite; the first plastic, nitrocellulose, with its myriad uses; nylon, the parent of an ever-increasing number of man-made fibers; and cellophane.

King Cotton reigned long in the South, his throne resting on the

cotton gin invented by a Yankee, Eli Whitney. Cotton plants grew abundantly in the rich black soil of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama, but the short fibers were difficult to separate from the seeds to which they clung. Whitney was not the only one who pondered the solution of this mechanical problem, but he made a chance observation that supplied the missing link to the cotton gin.

One night he noticed a fox clawing at a chicken in a coop. The fox managed to reach his paw between the narrow slats of the coop, but could drag out only a cloud of feathers, not the chicken. Whitney had it! He constructed a rake the prongs of which reached between the bars of a grid fixed in a hopper filled with cotton bolls. The white, silky threads were torn out and the seeds left behind. The cotton gin had been born.

The day of the happy chance still is with us. Scientists must always be on the alert for an unexpected twist of circumstances that may affect the course of history.



TOPPER

H. G. Wells, the English novelist, had such a large head that he had trouble acquiring hats that fitted properly. Once, on a visit to Harvard, he found a hat that did very nicely on his head. It happened to belong to one E. S. Peck, then mayor of Cambridge, Mass. No matter: Mr. Wells simply put it on his head and walked off with it.

Back in England, Mr. Wells wrote the mayor this letter: "I took your hat. I like your hat. I shall keep your hat. Whenever I look inside I shall think of you and your excellent sherry. I take off your hat to you." Harold Helfer.



SHE WAS MARRIED for about 25 years to a non-Catholic. One evening they attended a parish bingo game. Living expenses weighed heavily upon them, so the husband was not entirely joking when he remarked, "If I win this grand prize of \$1,000 I'll go to Mass every Sunday."

He won! For a year, he kept his lightly made promise. Then he said to his wife, "I've been a Sunday Catholic long enough; it's time to be one every day." He went to the priest, took instructions, and was received into the Church. A.F.

A FLIP OF THE WRIST set up a sequence of events which brought me to the Catholic Church. At a small Midwest university, I majored in psychology. One of my courses was "Contemporary Systems of Psychology."

Thumbing through an index-card file one day, I noticed the title *Thomistic Psychology*, by Brennan. Here was a system of psychology not mentioned in our text. I got the book, read it, and went on to other books by Father Brennan.

My principal professor and advisor was quite tolerant, and ultimately I wrote several reports on the psychology of Aristotle and on Thomistic psychology. These inevitably led to Thomistic philosophy, which was but one step from Catholicism.

R. H. Britton.

A CATHOLIC and a Buddhist were confined in the prison here in Bangkok, Thailand, for murder. The Catholic was justly condemned. The Buddhist, a 17-year-old student, protested his innocence but couldn't prove it, and had been sentenced.

The two became good friends. The Catholic spoke of his religion; the Buddhist became interested in the faith that sustained his companion in his extreme situation, and was baptized by our Bishop Peter Carretto, with the Catholic murderer-missioner as his godfather.

The former Buddhist has since been freed. G. Roose, S.D.B.

FOR MONTHS the teen-age girl's staunch Catholic parents had scolded, watched, prayed, while she ran wild with a handsome non-Catholic boy.

Finally a mission was given at the parish church. "Why don't you take Chuck there, Barbara?" her mother suggested. Grace prevailed. Barbara did take Chuck, and they heard a sermon on purity that shook the rafters. Barbara wilted, but to her amazement Chuck insisted on finishing out the mission.

At the end, he demanded instructions, and then was baptized. He had found, he explained to Barbara, a reason for leading a good life. J.J.J.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

By Thomas B. Sherman
*Condensed from the "Saturday Review"**

A Nine-Mile Shelf of Books

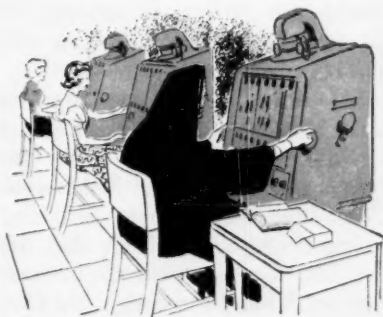
*Through microfilm, St. Louis university
is putting the Vatican literary treasure
within the reach of scholars in America*

MORE THAN 788,000 feet of microfilm representing about 10.2 million pages of rare manuscript are filed in one room at St. Louis university. The microfilm copies of handwritten works, beyond price, were made in the Vatican library. Selecting, photographing, and shipping the copies to St. Louis was begun four years ago.

The collection represents almost three-fourths of the Vatican manuscripts in Latin, Greek, and modern languages. Thus, one of the world's greatest deposits of classical and medieval lore has been established in the center of America.

Under the same arrangement with the Vatican by which the manuscripts were copied, the contents of printed volumes will also be photographed. Cost of the manuscript photography was underwritten by the Knights of Columbus. The new undertaking will be financed by selling microfilm copies of printed volumes to other libraries in the U. S.

The idea for the Vatican Film



library, as the St. Louis collection is called, originated with Father Lowrie Daly, S.J., back in 1950. Father Daly, a history instructor at St. Louis university, got to thinking about the Vatican's many treasures and the possibility of their destruction in some future upheaval.

Father Daly decided that it was high time the Vatican's literary treasures were duplicated. He broached the microfilm idea to Father Joseph Donnelly, then the university's librarian, who showed immediate enthusiasm. Through Father Paul C. Reinert, university

*25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. May 11, 1957. © 1957 by Saturday Review, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

president, a formal request was made to the Vatican, where approval was granted by the Holy See in December, 1950.

Fathers Daly and Donnelly went to Vatican City to work out a plan of operation. Their first sight of the Vatican library with its seemingly endless corridors and more than nine miles of shelving jolted them. Their tentative budget of \$50,000 would not be nearly enough to finance the copying of even the handwritten material.

So Father Reinert took up the task of raising funds. Luke E. Hart of St. Louis, a member of the supreme council of the Knights of Columbus, became interested, and it was through his efforts that the Knights, together with the university, established the Knights of Columbus Vatican Film library at St. Louis university. The outlay totaled about \$350,000 by the time the last manuscript was photographed.

Listing the items to be photographed was carried on partly in Rome by Father Daly and partly in St. Louis after he returned with all available indexes which could be consulted by classical authorities at the university.

What remained then was largely an organizational job. Photographic equipment was hard to get because the Korean war was going on. Obtaining a thermostatically controlled film developer was particularly difficult. Fathers Daly and Donnelly found one in California after an 18-

month search, but it was too big for the hatches of any available commercial airplane. This crisis was finally resolved by removing the doors of a Scandinavian Airlines plane and forcing the machine inside.

Photographing was started in 1952. Technicians of the Vatican library are completing the work, with M. E. Brand, of the Graphic Microfilm Co., and E. T. Freel, formerly of the Remington Rand Co., as consultants.

A positive copy of each 100-foot roll of film is being filed in the university library. Several viewing machines are being used daily by students preparing theses, by research scholars interested in making comparisons between the manuscript copies and the printed texts of classical works, and by occasional visiting scholars. Each negative is kept in a protected vault. A positive copy also remains in the Vatican.

One of the important reasons given for establishment of this film library in the U. S. was that it would make the great residue of knowledge much more accessible to American scholars and students. Informed scholars, to be sure, could obtain photostats by correspondence. But to do this they would need the printed and bound indexes to find the exact reference. The printed indexes, as it happens, cover only about one-fifteenth of the manuscripts. Keys to the remainder are found only in the handwritten inventories.

One comparatively recent, yet extremely valuable addition to the Vatican Library's treasures is a sizable portion of the Dead Sea Scrolls. As early as 1952, only three months after one of the Qumran caves was explored, Vatican officials purchased a part of the manuscripts from the discoverers. Later, in October, 1955, the Holy Father made a special appropriation for buying another, larger part of the manuscripts still held by Bedouin natives.

The original documents will become a permanent part of the Vatican Library collection as soon as the initial work of cleaning, assembling, and classifying them has been completed in Jerusalem.

According to Father Ernst Vogt, S.J., rector of the Pontifical Biblical institute in Rome, the Dead Sea Scrolls will help establish the original reading of such passages of Biblical texts as were corrupted by copyists in ancient times. The documents should also shed new light on the history of the Biblical texts.

In many cases, the inventories describe the contents of each codex (a bound volume containing a widely varying number of pages) in very general terms. For instance, the inventory of a codex containing 500 or more letters may list only the few that the scribe regarded as important. The others are indicated

by a broad "et cetera" or a notation saying "and many other less notable letters."

The fact that the inventories are frequently undetailed opens up the possibility that many items in the codices may have been hurriedly examined or never examined at all. That being so, many fascinating commentaries on social, artistic, political, and intellectual life of the Renaissance or earlier may await some fortunate student of tomorrow.

Chauncey E. Finch, professor of classical languages at St. Louis university, doubts that important finds may have been overlooked. "I do not think that any gold nuggets will be uncovered," he says. "But there is plenty of gold dust still there in the classical field." All the great minds of antiquity are represented along with the greater and lesser figures of more recent periods, through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and up to the beginnings of our own era.

Guides to the history of medicine appear in the Greek manuscripts of works by Hippocrates and Galen, together with Latin translations; these are followed by the works of Constantine the African, and from a later period, the writings of Thaddeus of Florence, Dino del Garbo, and Gentile de Foligno. The origins and development of the physical sciences may be followed from Aristotle to Roger Bacon and beyond.

Both Galileo and Kepler are re-

corded in their own words, and the controversy aroused by Galileo's treatise on sunspots is reviewed at length in contemporary documents. Music students can find the complete works of Palestrina. Historians will be rewarded by a great block of material covering the period extending from the 30 Years' War to the French Revolution.

Most of the filmed Vatican manuscripts are in Latin, but many Greek texts are included; also documents in Italian, French, Spanish, German, and English. The manuscripts date from the 4th century to the 19th.

Most of them were written between the years 1450 and 1600. The collection includes a 4th-century copy of Vergil's *Aeneid*.

The room in the main university building that now serves as the film library will ultimately be replaced by the Pius XII Memorial library, which will be built in 1958 or 1959. This building will house all of the university's library facilities with ample space provided for arrangement and study of the film collection. There, students and researchers of any creed or country will be welcomed.



TARGET FOR TONIGHT

A nervous motorist was approaching an unfamiliar city just as a heavy fog was settling down. He took heart, however, as he observed that the man driving the car ahead of him seemed to know his way around. "I'll just follow that fellow's taillight," he thought to himself. "He's probably driving right on through town."

So the timid fellow accelerated to keep up to the car ahead as it swung neatly around sharp curves or plunged confidently down forbidding streets. Suddenly it stopped—so suddenly, in fact, that the nervous motorist rammed into it.

"What's the big idea?" demanded the driver of the lead car.

"Why, this accident is all your fault," protested the nervous motorist. "You shouldn't have stopped so suddenly!"

"Stop? Why shouldn't I stop?" roared the first driver. "Why, man, this is my garage!"

J. C.

A bright new convertible ran a red light and crashed into another car. Before the cop on the corner could reach the scene, a sportily clad character climbed out of the convertible and accosted the other driver. "Why don't you fellows watch where you're going?" he demanded furiously. "You're the fourth car I've hit this morning." E. E. Kenyon in the *American Weekly* (30 June '57).

Rivers in the Sea

Benjamin Franklin named the most famous one: the Gulf Stream

IT WAS A QUEER complaint that the Lords of the British Treasury received from the Boston Board of Customs in 1769. All mail packets to the New World sailed from the same British port. Those bound for Rhode Island traveled a little farther than those headed for Massachusetts. How could ships sailing the northern route possibly require two more weeks than those following the rather more lengthy southern route?

The problem was turned over to Benjamin Franklin, postmaster general of the Colonies, who was then in London. Franklin didn't take the complaint seriously at first.

"I could not but think the fact misunderstood or misrepresented," Franklin confided to his journal. "There happened to be in London a Nantucket sea captain of my acquaintance, to whom I communicated the affair."

Timothy Folger nodded when Franklin raised the question. Yes, a few score miles' difference in course might affect the length of an Atlantic voyage by many days. All Yankee whalers knew of a strange river in the sea. They had rough



charts showing its path, and avoided it. Masters unfamiliar with the current lost time by sailing against it.

British sea captains snorted when Franklin published a map based on whalers' lore. It was nonsense to suggest that a stream could run through the ocean. So they continued to lose ten to 15 days in many a westward crossing. (Even a modern ocean liner can lose 50 miles a day by steaming against the ceaseless sweep of the current.)

The perpetually inquisitive Sage of Philadelphia was confident that he had stumbled onto something big. Inquiry revealed that the strange stream flows north along the Ameri-

can coast for hundreds of miles before swinging toward Europe. Since its greatest speed is in the Straits of Florida, it seems to be an outpouring from the Gulf of Mexico. On that assumption Franklin gave the phenomenon the name it still bears: the Gulf Stream.

Today, oceanographers know that the Gulf Stream is just one branch of a global network. At some points, ocean currents swirl fast enough to frighten veteran mariners; at other points they crawl so slowly they cannot be measured. They have affected the whole course of civilization.

Early observers spoke of the Gulf Stream as a "river in the ocean." They did not know then that it has counterparts in every sea. Nor did they recognize the fact that the flow of global currents is linked with the earth's rotation.

Pioneer navigators had little time for theory. They were too busy trying to breast a flow that often took them backward faster than winds shoved them forward. Sailing south to Tortugas in 1513, Ponce de Leon struggled manfully. In spite of a "great wind" at his back, he was defeated by the queer stream.

No wonder light sailing vessels could not buck the Gulf Stream. John E. Pillsbury, of the U. S. navy, made 4,000 observations at its narrowest point, in the Straits of Florida. The current, just 40 miles wide there, reaches speeds exceeding six miles an hour. Water transported

by the flow, he calculated, must amount to 90 billion tons an hour.

According to a Smithsonian institution study, Pillsbury's estimate was about 10 billion tons an hour under the true figure. For the stream moves about 1,000 times as much water as the Mississippi river, which spews out 664,000 cubic feet each second. Salt and other compounds dissolved in one hour's flow from the Gulf Stream would fill every cargo ship in the world.

Moving north along the coast, the stream gradually broadens and curves eastward. Southeast of Newfoundland, it meets the icy waters of the Labrador current. This encounter diverts the warm flow just enough to send it toward Britain and Norway. Still moving as fast as ten or 15 miles a day in the top layer, it weaves, meanders, and sometimes loops its way across the Atlantic.

Although there are no rigid boundaries, fluctuation of its course is limited to a narrow band. Despite its lack of banks, the stream maintains its identity, never mingling with surrounding waters.

Some years ago the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* followed the warm stream for some distance, then nosed out of it. A thermometer dropped into Gulf Stream waters at the stern of the ship registered 56°; 240 feet forward, a reading at the bow showed the sea to be just 2° above freezing.

Estimated in terms of heat from

combustion, energy yielded by the Gulf Stream each minute is probably equivalent to that from about 2 million tons of coal. The stream transports the quantity of solar energy that falls on 3 million square miles of equatorial seas. Of course, much of that total is dissipated long before the stream reaches northern Europe. But many scientists hold that sun-warmed currents made possible the civilization of Scandinavia, Great Britain, northern France, and Germany.

Where winter temperatures hover near the critical level that separates water from ice, a very slight shift in temperature can be decisive. Advancement of spring thaws by only a few weeks may mean the difference between good crops and marginal farming. Ten degrees may determine whether a port is ice-locked throughout an Arctic winter or open to year-round commerce.

Hammerfest, Norway, northernmost city in Europe, is blanketed in the polar night from Nov. 18 to Jan. 23. Yet it is an important winter harbor. Riga, Latvia, 800 miles farther south, is ice-locked for months each year. Riga is cut off from warm ocean currents.

Without the benevolent effects of the Gulf Stream, western Europe would have had a different history. Civilization might have been confined to the Mediterranean region and its outposts, with Britain abandoned to a Stone Age culture.

The Gulf Stream is the most

conspicuous part of an extensive, complicated system. Water in the gigantic Atlantic whirlpool moves about the entire ocean in a three-year circuit of 12,000 nautical miles.

Branching east of Newfoundland, the main body of the Gulf Stream becomes the east-moving North Atlantic Drift. Rivulets diverted from it bathe southern Iceland. They also warm the shores of the island that is called Greenland only because of the influence of the current.

A second and more decisive branching process sends one arm of heat-bearing water toward Scandinavia, while the other moves toward southern France, Portugal, and Spain.

Meanwhile, stiff winds blow west from the Sahara. Off the coast of Africa they become so steady that sailors long ago dubbed them the trade winds, in tribute to their dependability. Tugging relentlessly at the surface of sun-warmed seas, they establish a flow that is wide and steady by the time it reaches outlying islands.

Christopher Columbus became aware of the Canaries current on Sept. 19, 1492. By staying in it, his little vessels picked up 30 or 40 miles a day. Rations lasted out the epochal voyage that, lacking the aid of flowing waters, might have ended in starvation instead of discovery.

Just a generation after the New World was found, before it was

known that equatorial currents belong to the same system as the Gulf Stream, men began wondering what forces move those rivers of water. One noted seaman examined three theories, and concluded that wind provides the motive power; that the air-whipped currents turn north on meeting the American continent. Although that theory is now complicated with many other details, it is essentially the modern view.

For centuries, however, the theory was challenged by rival proposals. One of them attributed currents to expansion of water warmed at the equator. Another held that tunnels run under every island and continent, providing passage through which streams encircle the globe.

Johannes Kepler, the great German astronomer, insisted that ocean currents arise because water is loosely attached to the earth. Hence, said he, it is unable to keep up with the planet's rotation. It falls back, and by lagging creates what seems to be a forward drift.

Subsequent study has shown that Kepler was wrong in his interpretation, but right in thinking planetary spin a factor in the pattern of ocean currents. Rotation doesn't actually cause water to loiter behind land, but it does exert a twisting influence on a stream, as on every other moving object, from express train to guided missile.

The Coriolis force, named in honor of the 19th-century French mathematician who first described

it accurately, causes a clockwise drift in the northern hemisphere. South of the equator, it has the opposite effect; any moving object is pulled toward the left of the path it would otherwise follow.

Without the influence of the Coriolis force, the stately ballroom march around the Atlantic would be quite different. Even the shape of the ocean's surface would be different. For within this century, new studies have shown that the term "sea level" is inexact. Because of the tug of the Coriolis force, water in the northern hemisphere slopes gradually upward from left to right. In mid-Atlantic, the surface is fully 48 inches above the level of waters along the U. S. coast.

Variations exist even within the Gulf Stream itself. As the current presses northward, the earth's rotation tends to spin light water clockwise. Thus, the left side of the stream is colder than the right, and the surface of the ocean river actually slopes upward from left to right.

Planetary spin plays still another part in the drama of the sea currents. For it is this factor that shapes the course of trade winds that provide motive power for the global flow.

Air above the equator becomes much hotter than that above the poles. It rises, giving way to cooler, heavier masses from higher latitudes. Rotation of our globe deflects the moving streams of air in such fashion that north of the equator

they blow steadily from east to west.

Recognition of up-and-down ocean currents on a global scale is so recent that no one pretends to have adequate knowledge of them. This much is certain: cold, heavy water flows continually from both polar regions toward the equator. Presumably it absorbs heat, becomes lighter, and turns back toward its point of origin. If it were possible to subject the earth to laboratory study, it might be found that deep-water circulation is among the most potent of influences upon climate.

A few scattered measurements, based on use of radioactive carbon, hint that much water on ocean bot-

oms has been out of contact with the air for at least 1500 years. Data from other tests suggest that the cycle from polar seas to the equator along ocean bottoms, and then back to cold regions along the surface, may take about 300 years.

During the International Geophysical year, scientists of 50 nations hope to gain new understanding of our planet. Whatever discoveries they may make, there is no likelihood that all the questions posed by ocean currents will be answered. For each solution will be only a tiny ray of light to show that the mystery of the seas is deeper than the seas themselves.



KID STUFF

Our second daughter, Martha Anne, who is about half past eleven, wished to receive Holy Communion each Friday during the school months. Because both time and distance would prevent her returning home before classes began, I asked her how she planned to get her breakfast.

"Oh, I can buy my breakfast in the school cafeteria for a dime," she replied confidently.

"What can you get for that?" I asked doubtfully.

"Milk and cookies," she replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Cookies for breakfast?" I raised my brows.

"They are *oatmeal* cookies, mother," was her condescending reply.

Mrs. I. M. Hancock.

My lack of hair is of much greater concern to our daughter Toby than it is to me. Whenever the subject is brought up, she always has a word of sympathy.

The other day, while mother was combing out her new permanent, Toby stood by, watching. "What beautiful curls," Toby commented.

"No, darling," my wife explained, "they're waves."

"Poor daddy," my daughter lamented. "I'm afraid that he's all beach!"

John E. Lang.

Princess of Monaco

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ROMANCE is a popular subject. It supports a large part of the stage, press, and book world, and thousands of beauticians, cosmeticians, and even morticians who deal in terminal glamour. Starting with *Cinderella*, the young child is prepared to grow goggle-eyed over the real world in which the commoner marries the prince and lives happily ever after.

Realism in love is a necessary quality. Idealism is not less important. Without it, the emotions are not fed nor dreams created. And those conditions are necessary for lasting love in either Romeo and Juliet, or Jane Jones and Bill Smith.

These are some of the normal reasons that led the American public to take such a profound interest in the marriage of Grace Kelly to Prince Rainier, ruler of Monaco. It was a repetition of Graustark, *Cinderella*, and the Student Prince, all rolled up in one delightful package. Cynics might belittle the furor, but it was the most natural thing in the world.

Newspapers ran miles of coverage, picture magazines used acres of pictures. The prince was strong

and handsome and a wise ruler. The princess was hauntingly beautiful and an outstanding film personality. Scant wonder, then, that public-information agencies broke into a rash that often resembled publicity releases.

Now, in *Princess of Monaco*, the quieter and more durable qualities of the marriage begin to emerge in better perspective; readers have a chance to look behind the door of romance.

Grace Kelly was born into a wealthy family. Her father, Jack Kelly, is a brick manufacturer ("Kelly For Bricks") and a champion sculler. Her mother, Margaret, is a beautiful woman noted for tranquil competence in managing her house and family, and her many charities.

In the big house at Germantown, Grace grew up in luxury. At the base of her family life, however, were the spartan demands of religion, not less lovely because of the emphasis on duty and self conquest.

Week ends were exciting when Jack Kelly's brothers came down to join the family circle. Walter Kelly was a top vaudeville entertainer of

his day, and also a movie celebrity. Uncle Walter died when Grace was only nine, but the family loved to reminisce about his outrageous sense of humor. Playwright George was still more talented.

By the time Grace was 12 she was in love with the theater, and heavily involved with the amateur productions of the Old Academy Players in East Falls, near Germantown.

After finishing at Rosehill academy and Stevens school, Grace decided to plunge into the big world of the theatre. She enrolled in the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

She refused to coast along on her father's money. She wangled a job as a model and paid her own way.

"During the graduation party at the American academy two years later, John Cassavetes, himself then a fledgling actor and a year behind Grace in school, overheard someone comment: 'That Grace Kelly is such a pretty little thing. Isn't it a shame she's too shy ever to amount to anything?'"

How wrong her critics were events soon showed. From summer theaters and little playhouses, Grace was graduated to the big world of TV and Broadway. She knew many failures and some successes.

It was with something of a sense of failure that Grace accepted the leading feminine role in *Mogambo*.

The male lead was Clark Gable. The film, made in Africa, proved to be a resounding success.

A chance luncheon with Prince Rainier was the fateful meeting with romance. The Grace Kelly who often wondered whether she would be a mouse or a princess was approaching the hour when she would be forced to make the choice. When the Prince presented himself at the Kelly home and formally asked for Grace's hand in marriage, she knew at once what her answer would be.

Gant Gaither, author of *Princess of Monaco*, was richly prepared to write Grace's story. Novelist, designer, architect, playwright, director: he draws on all his talents for the verve and sparkle of his narrative. And he doesn't miss a trick.

Mr. Gaither has known the Kelly family for years: he successfully revived Uncle George's plays on Broadway, directed Grace in plays, planned *The Swan*, in which Grace starred.

In addition to his own colorful tale, the author has gathered a hundred intimate, stunning pictures that enhance the beauty of his story.

Princess of Monaco is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York City (244 pp.) at \$3.95—but is only \$2.95 for Book Club members. See announcement on the inside front cover.





Each new saver is given a badge making him a marshal of the post, and a toy savings bank.



A savings plan for children, probably the most popular in the country, is operated by the Greater Louisville First Federal Savings-Loan association in Kentucky. Here, kids turn in their pennies and nickels in a mock western village, which has all the frontier atmosphere of the old West.

The idea came from an enterprising official who wished youngsters to save and have fun doing so. Along with the savings post, the

"village" has stores, shops, sheriff's office, fire department, bunkhouse, corral, fountain, and express office, all done in Western style reminiscent of stagecoach days. Appropriate cowboy garb of employees is an added attraction. So successful is the plan that children's savings amount to more than \$2 million.

Saturday morning is set aside for the kids to have a party at the First's expense. Games and cowboy entertainers are on the program.

Clerks at the Savings Post window, wearing western garb, are kept busy receiving kids' money. Kids usually spend Saturday morning at the post.

Photos by
Birnbach Publishing Service





A pint-sized "bad man" stages a mock holdup.



At Saturday parties local cowboy TV stars, Randy Atcher and Cactus Brooks, teach kids square dancing.





The boys and girls are fascinated by the electric counting machine which registers their savings.



Randy and Cactus Tom at a Saturday morning party show the kids how to throw a rope western style.

Cowboy Randy Atcher teaches young clients the Savings Post song, which was composed especially for them.



What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us; we will have your questions answered. If yours is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: Why don't Catholics wait with Baptism until their children are old enough to know what is happening?

Surely they can be brought up with a strong faith in God and taught that after being baptized they are expected to live strictly according to the Ten Commandments. I don't think so many people would fall away from the Catholic Church if they weren't rushed into religion. It's hard to believe that God wouldn't let children into heaven just because they aren't baptized.

Mrs. H. N. Franklin.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

It may be hard to believe, Mrs. Franklin, but it is apparently the truth. The reason you find it hard to believe may be that you do not fully appreciate the soul-changing

importance of Baptism. It is not a simple little rite of initiation into the Church; it injects a spark of divine life into the soul, lifts it up to heaven's height, and prepares it for heavenly living.

Maybe the reason you find it hard to believe is that you do not fully appreciate heaven itself, and what a tremendous thing it is for us to get there. Unless we stop to think we may imagine our getting there as a sort of natural process: after death our souls hop across a vast abyss, and there we are, happy as you please, amid twanging harps, golden streets, and green pastures.

Actually it is much more complicated than that. Heaven is God's own home; we live in his presence as his own children. We see Him and understand Him, appreciating his unlimited perfections; and our overwhelming awareness of his goodness makes us love Him completely, so that we are simply filled with happiness. This state is entirely above our human nature, our human life, and our human capacities for knowledge, love, and happiness.

It is above our human nature. God is divine by nature. If He adopts children you would expect them to share his nature, to have something of the divine in them.

We do not have anything of the divine in us naturally; if we are to get it God must give it to us. Baptism is the means He uses to give it to us.

Heaven is above our human life. We are adapted to life on earth. Our bodies are built for an atmospheric pressure of 14 pounds per square inch, an oxygen content of about 21% in the air, temperatures within reasonable range, and foods which have a caloric potential and vitamin content. If we were suddenly transported to Mars our problems of adjustment would be superhuman, unless we were provided with mechanical aids to create earth's atmospheric conditions artificially. The transition from earth to heaven will be infinitely more radical. It will require an adjustment far beyond the mechanical. We cannot live in heaven unless we have the life of heaven, and we must take it with us when we leave the earth; we cannot expect it on arrival. God gives us this life in Baptism.

Heavenly living is above our human capabilities. Philosophers like to speak of God as transcendent. It is a good word. It means that God is, by his nature, completely beyond us, so that we cannot really touch Him. Our minds cannot reach Him to know Him directly; and if we do not know Him, how can we love Him? And if we cannot love Him, how can we possibly be happy living with Him eternally? A plain human being in heaven would be

more unhappy than a horse at the opera, more out of place than a fish in the air. Completely out of his human element, he would not know what was going on.

If we are to see God in heaven and love Him happily, our human minds must somehow be stretched across that transcendental chasm which separates us from God. Our human powers of comprehension must be sharpened and extended to the point where we can know God directly and so appreciate his goodness that it will compel our love. Baptism performs this sharpening and extending. It gives our intellect the ultimate capability of knowing God, and gives it faith to train on. It makes our will radically capable of loving God personally and completely, and it gives us hope and charity to practice heaven's love and possession.

Maybe you think I am fond of hyperbole, or am injecting poetic aspirations into theology. Really, I am just trying to express facts which are plain but tremendous. God elevates us by Baptism to supernatural living on heaven's own plane. The supernatural life which we receive in Baptism we call sanctifying grace. It was first given to Adam, but was rejected by him and lost for all of us when he sinned. It was obtained for us again by Jesus Christ when He died on the cross. He gives it to us in Baptism, and we keep it until we reject it by sin. If we have it at death we will sail smoothly into

heaven. If we do not have it we would be utterly lost in heaven even if we could get there.

Now do you see why we baptize babies? We want them to have this life of heaven in their little souls, and Jesus Christ has given us no reason to believe that they can get it in any other way. In fact, He has indicated that there is no other way: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." We know that Jesus sent his Apostles out with the command that they baptize everyone: "Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

We are conscious that heaven is a free gift of God—that He does not need to give it to anyone—that no one has a claim to it. We are aware of those words of St. Paul that because of Adam's sin "death has passed unto all men." And we are reminded by St. John that this death of sin can only be taken away by the rebirth of Baptism. With all these things in mind we would not dare take a chance of depriving an infant soul of Baptism, the very means Christ gave us to get him to heaven.

The early Fathers of the Church were insistent upon infant Baptism. They understood Christ's commands to be universal: to apply to everyone. St. Irenaeus lived in the

latter half of the 2nd century. In his book against heretics he wrote that Jesus "came to save all who through Him are born again unto God; infants and children, boys and youths, and elders." Origen, writing in the first half of the 3rd century, declared that infant Baptism was an institution of Apostolic times and was necessary to cleanse infants from original sin. In the year 253 the 3rd Council of Carthage taught that children should be baptized as soon as possible after birth. The vigorous statements of St. Augustine in this regard are quite well known. Here is an example: "If you wish to be a Catholic, do not believe, nor say, nor teach, that infants who die before Baptism can obtain the remission of original sin."

From the very beginning then, Catholics have believed it necessary to baptize infants that they may receive the new life of sanctifying grace to take away original sin and prepare them for heaven. It is necessary to baptize adults, too, but a person who has grown up and attained the use of reason can have a Baptism of desire when it is not possible for him to receive actual Baptism with water. He can love God and that love will unite him with God, and from that union God's grace will come into his soul, sanctifying it.

Our Saviour has spoken some comforting and inspiring words about this Baptism of desire. "A

certain lawyer got up to test him, saying, 'Master, what must I do to gain eternal life?' But He said to him, 'What is written in the Law? How dost thou read?' He answered and said,

'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart,
and with thy whole soul,
and with thy whole strength,
and with thy whole mind;

And thy neighbor as thyself.'

And He said to him, 'Thou hast answered rightly; do this and thou shalt live.'

The person who loves in this way will live the life of grace, the life of heaven.

In speaking to his Apostles at the Last Supper, Jesus told them: "He who has my Commandments and keeps them, he it is who loves Me. But he who loves Me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him and manifest Myself to him." And again a moment later He said to Jude: "If anyone love Me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and We will come to him and make our abode with him." When God loves us and lives in our souls He sanctifies us and prepares us to live with Him in love forever.

The infant is not capable of a voluntary act of love of this kind; so he cannot be sanctified in this way, by Baptism of desire. As far as we know, there is no way in which he can be sanctified, and Catholic theologians have tried to

find evidence of such a way in the words of Sacred Scripture, because they do know that the good God, in his great love for all mankind, desires the salvation of everyone. But in their search they always end up confronting these words of the Master: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

The fact that a person cannot enter heaven and there live in the knowledge and love of God does not mean that he is punished. His human nature makes no demand for such living; it is not even capable of it. He is not made sad when deprived of something to which he has no natural inclination. Is a dog sad because deprived of the power of speech? It is possible for an infant to be naturally happy—very completely and permanently happy—without being in heaven. Catholic theologians believe that this is what happens to infants who die without Baptism: they live happily forever in a place which we call Limbo. We know little about this place, actually; but we do know that God is good, and that his love and mercy will find more ways of expressing themselves than we can ever imagine.

If I understand your question rightly, Mrs. Franklin, I think you imply that we Catholics rush children into religion not only by baptizing them in infancy but also by force-feeding them on Catholic doc-

trine and practice during their earliest years. Maybe I am imputing to you an objection we hear often: "Why not let children grow up and choose their own religion?"

My answer to the objection of that question might be implied in another loaded question: "Why not let little children grow up and learn manners and proper behavior for themselves? Aren't we brain-washing them when we teach them how to behave? We are rushing them into being polite. It isn't fair. We should give them an equal chance to be insupportable brats if they wish to be."

You admit that children should be brought up with a strong faith in God. But how are you going to do that unless you teach them definite and personal things about God? How can they believe in Him if they don't know what manner of being He is?

We Catholics are generally firm and sure in our own faith. It is something beautiful and precious to us. Naturally, we want to share it with our children, just as we want to share the good things of earth: the warmth of the sun, the beauty of the stars, the thrill of love, the security of a home, and the savor of food. What sort of unnatural parent would make no effort to lead his child to appreciate the good things of life?

We Catholics honestly believe that we have found the way to heaven. Jesus Christ has pointed it

out to us, and He leads us lovingly along it. We want to point this way out to our children, and to train each to place his tiny hand in that of the Master who will guide his toddling steps, with love, in the right direction. We would not put our children in a maze just to see if they can find the right way by themselves. This is not a game they are playing. It is eternity's business.

We Catholics honestly believe that our Church was established by Jesus Christ, that it is the only true Church, and the only means of salvation which our Lord placed on earth. Can we possibly thus believe and be indifferent whether our children are raised in the Church or not? Can a good parent be content to see his child deprived of the God-given means of salvation?

We Catholics believe that our Church offers us means of grace and sanctification in the Mass and the sacraments. Children may have only tiny sins to be forgiven; but if they do not learn early to use the sacrament of Penance they will be lost when they do need it because of serious sin. Holy Communion brings their innocent souls into life-giving union with the love of Jesus Christ. How could Catholic parents who appreciate the sanctifying value of this union keep their children from it until they find it, unaided, for themselves? Parents rejoice in teaching their children to talk; shall they resolutely refrain from teaching them to talk to God, in prayer?

Almighty God has taught us many great truths about time and eternity, about good and evil. The great philosophers of all ages have sought these truths with uncertain success. Shall we withhold them from our children lest we influence their little minds unduly, and let youngsters flounder in the painful game of finding truth alone? And if they never find it? And how old and scarred by error will they be when they do find it? The school of experience teaches soundly—but not if each generation discards what it has learned.

Would you call it brainwashing

to give your own children the loving benefit of your own life and experience, your own faith and convictions? Is it unfair to train them to the knowledge and love of truth and beauty and goodness? Is it despotic to guide their faltering steps away from the traps you have learned to recognize from your own enslavement or from the warning words of the Master?

A really good Catholic simply overflows with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, and it is inevitable that this overflow will seep into the minds and hearts of his children.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

When I went to Hungary early in 1940 my husband had already been British minister in Budapest for some months; I had been obliged to remain in England, looking after one of my daughters until she was able to come, too. At the very frontier, I encountered for the first time that aptitude for the spontaneous, the almost casual act of charity which is so endearingly characteristic of Hungarians.

There had been floods in Yugoslavia, and my train was late. The restaurant car had been taken off, and we were hungry, but above all thirsty. A boy walked up and down outside the coaches selling little bottles of wine. As I bought one I said to my daughter, "How I wish I knew how to ask him to get me a glass, too."

Whereupon a woman in the next compartment put her head out the window and spoke to the boy in that impossible native tongue. He hurried across the tracks and came back with a funny little thick, grooved tumbler, for which the woman paid him.

Then she brought it to me, saying, "I am so happy to be the first person to give you a present in Hungary." This small almsdeed—for it was that—gave me the happiest possible first impression of the Hungarian people.

Ann Bridge in *The Pylon* (Summer '57).

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

When churches were built in the Middle Ages, there were no books or magazines or papers for the people to read. There were no printing presses. Even if there had been books hardly anyone could have read them. This is, perhaps, the reason why the great stained-glass windows of the cathedrals of Europe have scarcely any words. Even the names of the saints are not given; the people learned to recognize them by their symbols.

The first churches built in America were mostly imitations of those the immigrants remembered from their homelands. So even though the churches now had plenty of books and magazines and newspapers to offer, no provision was made to display them before the people, most of whom could now read.

As the defect began to be noticed, improvisations were made: a table was placed in a vestibule, a rack built over a radiator, a metal contrivance installed in a hallway, and such like.

All the expedients had at least two defects. 1. They were (or are) placed before fast-moving traffic. When people go out of church after Mass, it is practically impossible for anyone to stop, even for a moment. This makes the display useless for about 90% of the members. 2. The displays are ugly.

Displays will be ineffective and ugly until architects make them part of the design of a church.

Suppose, for example, there is a grassy corner adjacent to the church. Suppose a flagstone walk be built up to and around the display, and seats provided. Then suppose the architect designs a structure which will combine three things: a shrine, a display for literature, and a dignified and beautiful sign which gives basic information about church activities.

Now on Sundays the human traffic may go leisurely by. Anyone, at any time, may sit down after choosing something to read. Non-Catholics will take a look, when they would never dream of going inside the church to look for a pamphlet on a rack in a dark corner of the vestibule. The thing might look like this.



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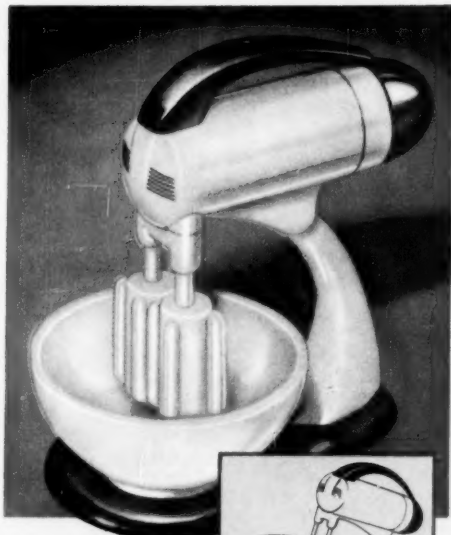
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